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LADY CRICKETERS: A GOOD CATCH.—[SEE "THE WORLD OF PASTIME."]

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Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who recently left the *World* to become art-critic of *Truth*, has returned to Mr. Yates again, but this time in the capacity of musical critic, vice Louis Engel, "resigned."

The Queen and the Army.—The Queen and the Cabinet (writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) are in brisk communication—I will not say conflict—over the reorganisation of the Army. Her Majesty is very anxious that the great post of Commander-in-Chief should remain as before an appanage of the Crown, and should be inherited in due time by the Duke of Connaught. But Mr. Stanhope and all the military authorities are persuaded that if we are to maintain our Army in a state of efficiency at all approaching that of the Continental Powers, it is necessary that the supreme command should be vested in an expert soldier versed alike in the theory and the practice of his profession.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

I THINK everybody was pleased to see Sir Wilfrid Lawson in his place and hear his attack on the Compensation Bill. Not that he had anything very fresh to say. There were the usual jokes—the stock arguments—the same honest, simple rhetoric—to which we are all accustomed. Sir Wilfrid is just the same man as he was when he first entered Parliament more than thirty years ago, save that his beard is greyer, and his voice is, since his chest affection, no longer the sweet and resonant organ of his earlier days, but is hoarse and strained. He is admirably portrayed in the page engraving. But mentally he is unchanged—the single-minded enthusiast who gave the Temperance cause new life and promise. I never thought Sir Wilfrid a great wit. His jokes want spontaneity; they smell too much of the lamp, and they lack the personal flavour, the twinkling eye, the air of intense and naïve enjoyment of his own fun which Mr. Labouchere imparts to his Parliamentary quips and cranks. Sir Wilfrid's jests, though they are often excellent—no man tells a story better, and the stock from which they are drawn is endless—are not the finest flowers of humour. However, they are always welcome, and I don't think that on either side of the House there is a more popular figure than that of the member for Cockermouth.

Privately, Sir Wilfrid

completes the picture of absolute sincerity and honest purpose which his public career suggests. There never was a straighter man. His two bugbears are drink and war. He hates both with a consuming hate; he has denounced them in hundreds of speeches; he will denounce them, if he lives long enough, in hundreds more. He knows no compromises with these arch-enemies of mankind. In that side of the House of Commons life which does not come to the front Sir Wilfrid plays a notable part. Since Mr. Warton left the shades of Westminster, there is no man who has a neater gift for extempore comic quip than Sir Wilfrid. A good many of these really brilliant bits of humour get into print, though rarely with Sir Wilfrid's name attached to them. Sir Wilfrid is

A Rich and Popular Landlord,

not specially advanced on the social question, on which he is a Liberal of the older school, is passionately fond of hunting, which is his one amusement, had once an excellent cellar, which exists no longer, and is a rigid teetotaler. Like a good many other teetotalers—the point is a small one, but interesting—he is a very hearty eater, and before his lung affection, which nearly lost the House one of its most popular members, he rarely had a day's illness. With all his limitations, he is a truly noble, unselfish, generous, and independent soul, utterly devoid of petty self-seeking or personal ambition. The House could do with more men like him.

Anybody straying into the House on Monday or Thursday week who happened to remember the old days of 1880 Parliament would have been struck with a vivid resemblance to

Those Stormy Times.

Not that they can ever come back to us in their original flavour. The men who made them are either no more or have "suffered a sea-change." Still, there was a likeness. There was the same air of resolute obstinacy on the one side, and of weary persistence on the other. The Ministerialists had revived the old, old policy of silence; the Irishmen, getting their blood up as they went along, had, from the rather listless, nerveless, purposeless band to which we are accustomed nowadays, strung themselves up to a vicious alertness which boded no good to the progress of business. The leadership of the new stand, however, had changed. It was still, nominally, Mr. Parnell. But only nominally. The Irish leader flitted in and out, made a suggestion now and then, and a speech here and there. But his speeches were not happy, nor his suggestions particularly opportune. He made several of those serious errors of fact for which he is remarkable. No; the real leader of the stand against the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill—or, rather, to the new whisky tax, was

Tim Healy.

Invective, sarcasm, rude eloquence, personalities, pathos, keen and brilliant argument—all poured forth in a continual stream. He almost hissed his words: his lips parted into a snarl, showing his white and regular teeth. Yet the speeches were not bad-humoured—far from it. They were simply the outpourings of a singularly quick, vehement, and sincere mind. No answer was made to these astonishing speeches, revealing as they did the most perfect mastery of Parliamentary ways and methods, and the finest appreciation of the situation. No answer could be made. For the moment "Tim" was lord of all he surveyed.

I have often watched Mr. Healy during these periodical outbursts of his, and have thought that at his best there was no one in the House who could touch him. He then becomes the most interesting of Parliamentary figures, the most original, the most audacious. But he is more interesting still when you know that the concentrated gall and venom of his speeches has no relation to the character of the man. "Tim" is kindheartedness itself, affectionate, impulsive, the darling of all the children he knows, a born wit, a delightful talker, a mobile, sensitive soul—now believer, now Voltairian—and withal a powerful and incisive writer. He has been very poor—he was a railway booking-clerk at Newcastle—and he is now on the highway to fortune, reaping a large and ever-increasing income at the Bar. But his good luck has not spoiled him. He is the old "Tim" still.

Lord Cottesloe.

So old Lord Cottesloe—Baron Cottesloe we ought to call him, for he is a Baron of the Austrian Empire—is reported to be dying. A few weeks ago I saw him sitting over the clock, in his accustomed place in the Peers' Gallery, a venerable figure, crowned with ample silk-white hair, listening to his fiftieth or sixtieth Budget. That was his amusement in life, to hear the Budget. He could not stay to the end of Mr. Goschen's three hours' speech, and, for the first time, left before the end. He was born in 1798, and still hears, sees, reads, and talks with perfect clearness. He never was a Chancellor of the Exchequer, as some people imagine; but, as Sir Thomas Fremantle, he was Chairman of the Board of Customs for nearly thirty years, and he has also been Secretary of the Treasury in Conservative Ministries. He was a handsome, gentle old man, an expert in figures, and, I am told, was an excellent administrator.

Mr. Edward Jenkins

is coming to the front again, as the Conservative opponent of Sir George Trevelyan. From humanitarian Radicalism to Conservatism is a long step, but Edward Jenkins has now gone the whole distance. I remember his tall figure and melancholy face well. He usually wore a red necktie. He was never a success in the House, where he talked sometimes cleverly, more often disconnectedly. "Ginx's Baby" brought him a literary success, which he never repeated. He is a clever man, without the qualities which make for a durable triumph in life.

I see the *Pall Mall* states that

Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P.,

Mr. Gladstone's host at Corton, near Lowestoft, founded the great mustard business, which was in a very small way when he entered it. This is a mistake. Mr. Colman's father and uncle had brought the present gigantic business to very formidable dimensions when Mr. Colman was a young man. The family is well known in the Eastern Counties, where it is a tower of strength to Liberalism and Dissent. The mustard works at Norwich are a town in themselves. At the annual workpeople's feastday 6000 men, women, and children meet together. Mr. Colman is a large newspaper proprietor. His charming place at Corton was almost rescued from the encroaching sea, and the grounds were formed out of sand and gorse-covered heath.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.



THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD, THE NATURALIST.
From a photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.
SEE "BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP."

FACTS AND FACES.



Princess Victoria of Teck.

THE pretty and kind-hearted daughter of Princess Mary of Cambridge, the charming young Princess portrayed above, is aptly called "Princess May," seeing that she is the very flush of her sweet girlish beauty. Princess May of Teck will be twenty-two on May 26th and all who know her good-natured disposition and her many acts of gentle charity will cordially wish her a bright and happy birthday. One of the Duchess of Fife's bridesmaids, Princess May should follow the example of her fair cousin, and contract a marriage with a British nobleman groom. There is one match that Rumour pairs to which would prove exceedingly popular, and which cannot be gainsaid that general satisfaction would be occasioned by its announcement.

Miss Dorothy Tennant.

There has been more romance than is generally imagined about the betrothal of Miss Dorothy Tennant and Mr. Stanley, who since the betrothal ment has become known have joked Mr. Stanley friends respecting his strong assertions about the fair sex. He had been twenty years, he said, looking for a wife, and, when made a notevidently, like Captain Cuttle, found, he billet-doux—on the subject. Three years have been engaged, and often Miss Tennant has have given up the hero for lost. Mr. Stanley reminded those friends who appear to think him fastidious in his taste that one does not meet every day with a lady who is good-looking, a artist, clever as a conversationalist, and has a fund of practical common-sense in all the affairs of life in addition. Evidently such a lady is worth waiting for. But there is another charm which Miss Tennant has solved with compliance, readiness. Stanley intimated that it might be necessary for him to go back to Africa. To this case, Miss Tennant replied, she would go to Africa also. It is not unlikely that an important proposition will be made to Mr. Stanley by the Government.

Madame Patey.

Being present at Madame Patti's concert at the Albert Hall last week, I was wondering what soothing influence would subdue the angry passions of the "encore"-mongers, when I was delighted to perceive that our famous singer was to be the peacemaker. Madame Patey herself could not check the storm, and Mr. Kuhe, to address the audience vainly, and Mr. Piatti, man, the violoncellist, was, in sporting phrase, "nowhere," when a "break in the clouds" came with the rich tones of Madame Patey's voice, and again all was harmony. This magnificent singer, doubtless the finest contralto in the world, is a native of Glasgow, where she was born in 1842, her maiden name being Jewell Whytock. When quite a girl she sang in the Townhall, Birmingham, and afterwards she entered Mr. Leslie's choir. Next she studied under Mrs. Sims Reeves and Signor Schira, and had so rapidly advanced as a vocalist that Madame Sainton-Dolby retired, recognising that Madame Patey who had married the popular baritone of that name, may be said to have stepped into Madame Sainton-Dolby's shoes. Her noble voice, unsurpassed for richness of tone, sympathetic in quality, and very powerful, is invaluable in oratorio. In countries have also appreciated Madame Patey, and in 1871 she had a brilliant tour in America. In 1875 she sang in Paris, at the Conservatoire, and at the concerts of M. Lamoureux. The English contralto absolutely astonished the Parisians, and a medal of honour was presented to her. As usual with most famous English singers, Madame Patey's greatest successes have been in the concert-room; and her fame never stood higher than at the present moment.

Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Such a sensation has Mr. Edward Lloyd made abroad that he is everywhere regarded as the

legitimate successor to Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Lloyd is a native of London, and when only seven years of age he joined the choir of Westminster Abbey. When his voice changed he held posts at Trinity College and King's College, Cambridge, and sang at St. Andrew's, Wells-street. His voice developing into a fine tenor, he became soloist at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the remarkable quality of his voice and the purity of his style in sacred music soon attracted attention, and gained him engagements—first at concerts, and then at the provincial festivals. At Gloucester, in 1871, he made such an effect by his singing in Bach's "Passion" music that his position as an oratorio singer may be said to date from that time. He possesses one of the purest tenor voices ever heard.



Mr. J. R. Whitley,

the 'cute Yorkshireman who hit upon the "happy thought" of holding a series of national Exhibitions on the vacant plot of ground between Earl's Court and West Brompton, hopes that the French Exhibition will be as successful as the alluring Italian Exhibition was. There seems every probability that his hopes will be realised, and that the beautiful pleasure gardens, wherein Dan Godfrey's fine band is to play on Whit Monday, will be as attractive as the Champs Elysées are in Summer. Meanwhile, the enterprising promoters of these delightful Exhibition fêtes at the West-End may be congratulated on the fact that they have transformed what was a tract of market gardeners' ground into a pleasant Eden, where it is most agreeable to stroll, cheered by the gay music of military bands and by the sight of refreshing lawns.

"The Briar Rose."

When I am asked the picture of the year I cannot hesitate for one moment. It is not at the Academy, not at the New Gallery, not at the Grosvenor. It is Mr. Burne Jones's "Briar Rose," at Agnew's Gallery, in Bond-street. Go and see this picture—or, rather, these four pictures. They are enchanting alike in colour and conception. You will spend a shilling to "do" the thousand pictures at the Academy, knowing that 950 of them will but weary you; spend another shilling to see these four pictures, which will not fatigue, but will purify and invigorate. It is the story, the dear old story, of the "Sleeping Beauty," and in the catalogue Mr. William Morris tells it once again in elucidation of the artist's meaning. The knight does not look bold, brave, determined enough. That is the one fault I can find in these altogether lovely creations.

Mr. Arthur Cecil.

"I laughed heartily at Mr. Arthur Cecil's "Cabinet Minister" at the Court Theatre the other evening, and thought of the many pleasant and quaint characters in which I had seen him in the old days at the "Gallery of Illustration." Mr. Arthur Cecil Blunt is his real name, and he was born in 1843, first appearing on the stage at the old Richmond Theatre as King Charles in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." He also, I think, played Bundle in "The Waterman" on the same night. It was on Easter Monday 1869 that he made his début at the Gallery of Illustration as Mr. Churchmouse in "No Cards," and as Box in the musical version of "Box and Cox" by Messrs. Burnand and Sullivan. In 1874 he went upon the regular stage at the Globe, where he appeared as Jonathan Wagstaff in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Committed for Trial," and he was the original Justice Jones in Mr. Albery's "Wig and Gown." He played Touchstone in "As You Like It" at the Opéra Comique in 1875, and in a host of opera-bouffe characters at the Gaiety Theatre. One of the best things he did at this period was Sir Harcourt Courtly, in "London Assurance." At the Haymarket Mr. Arthur Cecil was extremely successful in 1876, and his Baron Stein in "Diplomacy" was voted one of the most finished examples of comedy-acting the modern stage has seen. In 1879 he was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as Sam Gerridge in "Caste." Latterly Mr. Arthur Cecil's brightest comedy work is associated with the Court Theatre, where he has become a remarkable favourite. His "Cabinet Minister" will do much to make Mr. Pinero's latest piece popular, for the flute-playing politician is a very droll personage.

Postage Stamp Collectors living in London should not neglect to visit the interesting "Philatelic Exhibition," opened in the Portman Rooms, last Monday, by the Duke of Edinburgh, who said he was himself a stamp-collector (good boy !), and added that Prince George of Wales was also an enthusiast in the same cause.

The Armourers and Braziers' Company deserve every encouragement in their efforts to foster the crafts and craftsmen they worthily represent. The exhibition opened on Tuesday in their handsome hall in Coleman-street proved that one, at least, of the great Companies of the City of London realises its duties to the full. I know there are few things so dry and tedious to read as an enumeration of a collection of exhibition objects, so will not weary you by lauding each cleverly contrived work of art that won my admiration. Suffice it to say the show was valuable in itself, and was further to be commended inasmuch as it was the means of £300 being distributed in prizes to a number of rising young art-workmen. Well done, armourers and braziers! THE PROMPTER.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

The Hamburg correspondent of Dalziel's Agency has had an interview with Dr. Hartmeyer, editor of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, who impressed upon him that that paper was in no sense whatever to be regarded as a Bismarck organ. He also said: "The Prince is fond of company, and is a delightful entertainer; but there is a silent understanding among his guests that the word 'politics' shall never be mentioned. As for the Prince, he abstains entirely from the subject; and I am sure that if anybody attempted such a discussion, it would give the ex-Chancellor bitter offence. At dinner the other day, and during the whole time that I was in his presence, our conversation was entirely about dogs and turnips and plovers' eggs. He is not, in any sense of the word, an idle man. He superintends his farm himself, sees to the treatment of his domestic animals, writes much of the correspondence concerning his factory, and spends an hour or two daily in sorting the thousands of documents connected with his political career which will some day be so valuable in the records of German history."

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.

The Marquis of Hartington presided at the annual meeting of the above fund, held last Monday in the ball-room of Devonshire House, Piccadilly. The chairman, in commending the society to public support, stated that although the society had been in existence for a short period, they had been enabled last year to send 20,772 children into country homes, at a cost of £13,178, of which £4474 was contributed by the parents. After speaking of the mental and moral advantages of holidays in cottage homes, he made an earnest appeal for funds, expressing pleasure at being asked to preside at a meeting in aid of such a deserving society.—Sir John Lubbock, the Rev. S. A. Barnett, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton also addressed the meeting.

COLLISION NEAR MANCHESTER.

A collision took place last Monday, at Ardwick, near Manchester, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. A passenger train ran into a break-van and engine. Several of the passengers were injured, one seriously.

CHARING-CROSS MYSTERY.

Mr. Troutbeck, coroner, held an inquiry at St. Martin's Vestry Hall, on Monday, respecting the death of William Parker, aged nineteen, a page, late in the service of Dr. Greenwood, of 19, St. John's-wood-park, whose body, frightfully mutilated, was discovered on the line outside Charing-cross Station, on the previous Friday. There was nothing to show where the boy spent his time from Wednesday week, when he left St. John's-wood, to the time when he was found dead. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.

The passengers of the steamer Iris, of the Vienna-Pesth line, were startled on Saturday by the dramatic suicide of a young and beautiful woman named Marie Kovacs. After reciting to the passengers on the deck a tale of unreciprocated love for the captain of the steamer, she jumped into the Danube, and resisted all endeavours to save her. She refused to touch the life-buoy and rope thrown to her, and shouted while treading water that she would only be saved if the captain himself would rescue her. The captain was asleep at the time, and before he could be roused the girl was drowned.

THE BALACLAVA FUND.

A Meeting of the "Light Brigade Relief Committee" was held on Monday under the presidency of Lord Hartington. It was decided to make a further appeal to the public for funds, in addition to the amount already subscribed, to assist the really destitute survivors of the Balaclava Light Brigade; and an executive committee was appointed to investigate the circumstances of the various applicants. The names of the general and executive committees will shortly be published. Subscriptions may be sent to the London and Westminster Bank (Limited), Temple Bar Branch; to Sir A. Rollit, M.P., hon. treasurer, Dunster House, Mark-lane; or the hon. secretary, Mr. Sidney J. Low, the *St. James's Gazette*, Whitefriars, E.C.

The Queen's Indian Cook.—Among the passengers who arrived at Plymouth, on May 16, from Bombay, in the P. and O. steamer Arcadia, was Sheik Abdulla Mustapha, the Queen's Indian cook, who has been home on a holiday.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mr. Augustus Harris must have been a happy man when he looked round the thronged Opera House in Covent-garden, and realised from the first glance at the large and fashionable audience that his new season of Royal Italian Opera was at the outset an assured success. There were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Maud in the Royal box; there were the Duke and Duchess of Fife playing Darby and Joan in a neighbouring box; and the recognised leaders of London Society blazing with diamonds, prominent in the brilliant and aristocratic gathering. The magnificent orchestra, conducted by Signor Bevignani, was worthy the palmiest days of opera. It was a master-stroke of policy, of the kind Augustus Druriolanus delights in, to begin with the ever-popular opera of "Faust," with a charming young débutante, with D'Andrade and the famous Brothers De Reszké and Scalchi in the cast. But the fates were, unfortunately, against the successful impresario in one respect. M. Edouard de Reszké, being indisposed, could not take the part of Mephistopheles, which was filled, almost at a moment's notice, by a rather too slim representative of the gentleman in scarlet, M. Darvall. Unsurpassably good, however, was M. Jean de Reszké, the handsome tenor, as Faust. His singing and acting were alike admirable. His love-making was not unworthy of comparison with Mario's. In fine, his masterly impersonation manifestly gave the greatest satisfaction to entrepreneur and audience alike. MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké (cast for "Lohengrin" on Friday) will evidently be the chief stars of the season. At the same time, let a hearty word of praise be offered to the charming young soprano,



Madame Nuovina,

whose portrait I have the pleasure to reproduce from a photograph by M. Dupont, of Brussels, where this sweet singer is a great favourite. She made a delightfully sympathetic Margherita. Her dulcet voice was charming. She acted as well as she sang; but one wished she had worn the fair wig common to Margheritas instead of showing her own raven-black hair. Madame Nuovina proved a decided acquisition to the company, and her next appearance will be watched with interest. She is a young Roumanian lady of rank, whose artistic career dates from last November only. She then made a very successful first appearance at the Brussels Opera-House in Massenet's "Esclarmonde," she having studied her part under the composer's direction. Madame Nuovina is as great a social favourite as she is an artistic success in Brussels, where she has been shown great kindness by the Queen of the Belgians, and where she has been engaged for a further term of two years. This winsomely fresh young prima donna, of whom Roumania may well feel proud, is a charming little lady, speaking, besides her native language, French, German, and Italian fluently. Marching from success to success, Mr. Harris followed up "Faust" with "Carmen" (handsome and sweet-voiced Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan as Carmen and Miss Margaret McIntyre as Michaela), and announced "The Pearl Fishers" for Thursday, with Miss Ella Russell as the heroine; "Lohengrin," with the two De Reszkés and Miss M. McIntyre, on Friday. Compared with the Royal Italian Opera as rendered by Mr. Harris at Covent-Garden, all other theatrical performances are eclipsed. But the revival of "Louis XI." by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, and the production of Mr. H. A. Jones's new play of "Judah" by Messrs. Willard and Lart at the Shaftesbury, claim notice, and shall have it when I have room to spare. THESPIS.

Mr. Arthur Newton, the Marlborough-street solicitor who pleaded guilty to conspiring with other persons to defeat the due course of law, in connection with the Cleveland-street case, was on Tuesday sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment.

State Socialism has spread to Hungary. On Saturday the Minister of Commerce introduced a Bill into the Reichsrath making Sunday rest compulsory. No work is to be done from six o'clock in the morning on Sundays till six o'clock on the following morning. Where the interruption of work is impossible the workmen must get a half-holiday at least every fortnight or a whole day free every month. Bills dealing with the insurance of workmen against illness and accidents are in course of preparation.

CYCLE & CAMERA

I write this week from Paris, where I have been struck with the increasing number of bicycles and tricycles one sees on the street. There are not yet as many as are to be met with on Holborn and Oxford-street Saturday afternoons, or on Clapham-road any fine evening. But it is only a very few years since it was the exception to see one pass by on a main thoroughfare. I remember how a tandem tricycle I once rode into the town was stared at as a curiosity. Now all sorts of machines, two and three wheeled, single and tandem, wind their way in among the trams and carriages on the Boulevards, along the Quai, or up the Champs Elysées.

It must be confessed a Frenchman's cycling get-up at times strikes an Englishman as somewhat odd. I could not but be amused at one rider yesterday. It was a feast-day, and all Paris had turned out on the Champs Elysées under the horse-chestnuts. Presently, in the crowd of swell turn-outs came a cyclist on a safety, dressed to do honour to the place and the occasion in a high hat, a frock-coat, and light grey trousers. On the contrary, outside the town they are more sensible than we are. Down about St. Cloud and Suresnes I saw other riders, this hot weather, in dark-blue jerseys and no coats.

Whoever has not yet settled on his Whitsuntide holiday, and has a few days to spare, would find it a delightful season to come to France. It is getting rather hot, but still one can manage not to ride in the middle of the day; and the French country is so very pretty just at present. I thought as I journeyed through Picardy I had never realised before how very lovely it is, with its fruit-trees in blossom, its delicate foliage in all its first spring freshness, and its quiet rivers and the great lagoons near Amiens, bordered with meadows that now look cool and green, but that in a few short weeks will be parched and burned from the intense heat. It is a very beautiful ride from Calais to Paris, Abbeville and Amiens being the two principal towns to visit by the way.

One thing I have not yet seen on French roads or Paris streets is the pneumatic tyre. I suppose, of course, it has been seen and ridden in France as in England. But it has not yet been generally taken up. In this country it would be of the greatest use on the *pavé*, as it is called, or paving, which one comes to in every village and small town, and occasionally in long stretches on the roads. Everyone who has tried it agrees that it is at its best on the setts in town and on the grass. But the *pavé*, after all, is the exception and good roads the rule here, so that French cyclists do not really feel the need of the new tyre.

Messrs. Humber have given me a photograph of their safety with the pneumatic fitted to its wheels, and from it the accompanying drawing was made. It will interest those who have not yet seen this latest invention, about which so much is now being said on every side in the cycling world. Its warmest advocate cannot



HUMBER'S PNEUMATIC SAFETY.

call it beautiful; indeed, it detracts considerably from the grace of a well-built machine. But one can forgive it for this, because of its many good qualities.

I want very much to see how it distinguishes itself on the path at the Whitsuntide races. For so far, while it scores tremendously on the grass, it is decidedly at a disadvantage on a cinder track. This year it is merely in its experimental stage, so that one follows all the steps in its career with the utmost interest.

In case any of my readers may be coming over to Paris for the first time, perhaps it would be useful to remind them that they can usually be sure of a good dinner at moderate price at the Duval restaurants. The best are in the Rue de Rivoli and the Avenue de l'Opéra. Another useful fact to know is that, nowadays, you can in many places get very good tea, the drink of drinks for the cyclist. N. C. U.

The King of the Belgians, on Monday, visited Messrs. Yarrow and Company's works to inspect the gunboats lately built by them for the British Government for service on the Zambesi.

A Comical Incident (writes the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) happened as Mr. Stanley was being conducted from the Guildhall in great state, the mace-bearer preceding him. There was a considerable delay at the door under the canopy before his carriage could be got. One of the guests, with quite unnecessary effusiveness, not only insisted on button-holing and congratulating him over and over again, but ended by putting his arm round his neck and kissing him, much to Mr. Stanley's surprise and to the annoyance of the bystanders. Mr. Stanley, however, took the incident with great good temper, and was but little disconcerted.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DAY BUT ONE.

THE last day but one! It always comes at length—it is bound to come—the saddest, the most sentimental of all days. The boy who leaves school—I speak of the old-fashioned boy and the ancient school—where he has been fagged and bullied and flogged, on this last day but one looks round with a choking throat upon the dingy walls and the battered desks. Even the convict who is about to be released after years of prison feels a sentimental melancholy in gazing for the last time upon the whitewashed walls. The world, which misunderstands the power of temptation and is distrustful as to the reality of repentance, will probably prove cold to him. How much more, then, when one looks around on the last day but one of a holiday! To-morrow we part. This is the last day of companionship.

Roland's holiday was to consist of a day or two, or three at the most—yet lo! the evening and the morning were the twenty-first day. There was always something new to be seen, something more to be sketched, some fresh excuse for staying in a house where this young man lived from the first as if he had been there all his life and belonged to the family. Scilly has to be seen in cloud as well as in sunshine: in wind and rain as well as in fair weather: one island had been accidentally overlooked; another must be revisited.

So the days went on, each one like the days before it, but with a difference. The weather was for the most part fine, so that they could at least sail about the islands of the Road. Every morning the young man got up at six and, after a bathe from Shark Point, walked all round Samson and refreshed his soul by gazing upon the Outer Islands. Breakfast over, he took a pipe in the farmyard with Justinian and Peter, who continually talked of shipwrecks and of things washed ashore. During this interval Armorel made the puddings and the cakes. When she had accomplished this delicate and responsible duty, she came out, prepared for the day. They took their dinner-basket with them, and sallied forth: in the afternoon they returned: in the evening, at seven o'clock, the table was pushed back; the old serving-people came in; the fire was stirred into animation; Armorel played the old-fashioned tunes; and the ancient lady rallied, and sat up, and talked, her mind in the past. All the days alike, yet each one differing from its neighbours. There is no monotony, though place and people remain exactly the same, when there is the semblance of variety. For, besides the discovery of so many curious and interesting islands, this fortunate young man, as we have seen, discovered that his daily companion, though so young—"only a child"—was a girl of wonderful quickness and ready sympathy. A young artist wants sympathy—it is necessary for his growth: sympathy, interest, and flattery are necessary for the artistic temperament. All these Armorel offered him in large measure, running over. She kept alive in him that faith in his own star which every artist, as well as every general, must possess. Great is the encouragement of such sympathy to the young man of ambitions. This consideration is, indeed, the principal excuse for early marriages. Three weeks of talk with such a girl—no one else to consider or to interrupt—no permission to be sought—surely, these things make up a holiday which quite beat the record! Three whole weeks! Such a holiday should form the foundation of a lifelong friendship! Could either of them ever forget such a holiday?

Now it was all over. For very shame Roland could make no longer any excuses for staying. His sketch-book was crammed. There were materials in it for a hundred pictures—most of them might be called Studies of Armorel. She was in the boat holding the tiller, bare-headed, her hair flying in the breeze, the spray dashing into her face, and the clear blue water rushing past the boat: or she was sitting idly in the same boat lying in Grinsey Sound, with Shipman's Head behind her: or she was standing on the sea-weed at low water under the mighty rock of Castle Bryher: or she was standing upright in the low room, violin in hand, her face and figure crimsoned in the red firelight: or she was standing in the porch between the verbena-trees, the golden figure-head smiling benevolently upon her, and the old ship's lanthorn swinging overhead with an innocent air, as if it had never heard of a wreck and knew not how valuable a property may be a cow, judiciously treated—with a lighted lanthorn between its horns—on a stormy night. There were other things: sketches of bays and coves, and headlands and carns, gathered from all the islands—from Porthellick and Peninnis on St. Mary's which everybody goes to see, to St. Warna's Cove on St. Agnes, whither no traveller ever wendeth.

A very noble time. No letters, no newspapers, no trouble of any kind: yet one cannot remain for ever even in a house where such a permanent guest would be welcomed. Now and then, it is true, one hears how such a one went to a friend's house and stayed there. La Fontaine, Gay, and Coleridge are examples. But I have never heard, before this case, of a young man going to a house where a quite young girl, almost a child, was the mistress, and staying there. Now the end had come: he must go back to London, where all the men and most of the women have their own shows to run, and there is not enough sympathy to go round: back to what the young artist, he who has as yet exhibited little and sold nothing, calls his Work—putting a capital letter to it, like the young clergyman. Perhaps he did not understand that under the eyes of a girl who knew nothing about Art he had done really better and finer work, and had learned more, in those three weeks than in all the time that he had spent in a studio. Well: it was all over. The sketching was ended: there would be no more sailing over the blue waves of the rolling Atlantic outside the islands: no more quiet cruising in the Road: no more fishing: no more clambering among the granite rocks: no more sitting in sunny places looking out to sea, with this bright child at his side.

Alas! And no more talks with Armorel. From the first day, the child sat at his feet and became his disciple—Héloïse herself was not an apter pupil. She ardently desired to learn: like a curious child she asked him questions all day long, and received the answers as if they were gospel: but no child that he had ever known betrayed blacker gaps of ignorance than this girl of fifteen. Consider. What could she know? Other girls learn at school: Armorel's schooling was over at fourteen, when she came home from St. Mary's to her desert island. Other girls continue their education by reading books: but Armorel never read anything except voyages of the last century, which treat but little of the modern life. Other girls also learn from hearing their elders talk: but Armorel's elders never talked. Other girls, again, learn from conversation with companions: but Armorel had no companions. And they learn from the shops in the street, the people who walk about, from the church, the theatre, the shows: but Armorel had no better street than the main street of Hugh Town. And they learn from society: but this girl had none. And they learn from newspapers, magazines, and novels: but Armorel had none of these. No voice, no sound of the outer world reached Alexandra Selkirk of Samson. Juan Fernandez itself was not more cut off from men and women. Therefore, in her seclusion and her ignorance, this young man came to her like another Apollo or a Vishnu at least—a revelation of the world of which she knew nothing, and to which she never gave a thought. He opened a door and bade her look within. All she saw was a great company painting pictures and talking Art; but that was something. As for what he said, this young man ardent, she remembered and treasured all, even the lightest things, the most trivial opinions. He did not abuse her confidence. Had he been older he might have been cynical: had he not been an artist he might have been flippant: had he been a City man and a money-grub he might have shown her the sordid side of the world. Being such as he was, he showed her the best and most beautiful part—the world of Art. But as for these black gaps of ignorance, most of them remained even after Roland's visit.

"Your best friend, Armorel," said her guest, "would not deny that you are ignorant of many things. You have never gone to a dinner-party or sat in a drawing-room: you cannot play lawn-tennis: you know none of the arts feminine: you cannot talk the language of Society: oh! you are a very ignorant person indeed. But then there are compensations."

"What are compensations? Things that make up? Do you mean the boat and the islands?"

"The boat is certainly something, and the islands give a flavour to life on Samson, don't they? If I were talking the usual cant I should say that the chief compensation is the absence of the hollow world and its insincere society. That is cant and humbug, because society is very pleasant, only, I suppose, one must not expect too much from it. Your real compensations, Armorel, are of another kind. You can fiddle like a jolly sailor, all of the olden time. If you were to carry that fiddle of yours on to the Common Hard at Portsea not a man among them all, even the decayed veteran who caught Nelson—the Dying Hero—in his arms, but would jump to his feet and shuffle—heel and toe, double step, back step, flourish and fling. I believe those terms are correct."

"I am so glad you think I can fiddle."

"You want only instruction in style to make you a very fine violinist. Besides, there is nothing more pleasing to look at, just now, than a girl playing the violin. It is partly fashion. Formerly it was thought graceful for a girl to play the guitar, then the harp; now it is the fiddle, when it is not the zither or the banjo. That is one compensation. There is another. I declare that I do not believe there is in all London a girl with such a genius as yours for puddings and pies, cakes and biscuits. I now understand that there is more wanted, in this confection, than industry and application. It is an art. Every art affords scope for genius born not made. The true—the really artistic—administration of spice and sugar, milk, eggs, butter, and flour, requires real genius—such as yours, my child. And as to the still-room, there isn't such a thing left, I believe, in the whole world except on Samson, any more than there is a spinning-wheel. Who but yourself, Armorel, possesses the secret, long since supposed to be hopelessly lost, of composing Cyprus water, and the Divine Cordial? In this respect, you belong to a hundred years ago, when the modern ignorance was unknown. And where can I find—I should like to know—a London girl who understands cherry brandy, and can make her own blackberry wine?"

"You want to please me, Roland, because you are going away and I am unhappy." She hung her head in sadness too deep for tears. "That is why you say all these fine things. But I know that they mean very little. I am only an ignorant girl."

"I must always, out of common gratitude, want to please you. But I am only speaking the bare truth. Then there is the delicate question of dress. An ordinary man is not supposed to know anything about dress, but an artist has always to consider it. There are certainly other girls—thousands of other girls—more expensively dressed than you, Armorel; but you have the taste for costume, which is far better than any amount of costly stuff."

"Chessun taught me how to sew and how to cut out." But the assurance of this excellence brought her no comfort.

"When I am gone, Armorel, you will go on with your drawing, will you not?" It will be seen that he had endeavoured, as an Apostle of Art, to introduce its cult even on remote Samson. That was so, and not without success. The girl, he discovered, had been always making untaught attempts at drawing, and wanted nothing but a little instruction. This was a fresh discovery. "That you should have the gift of the pencil is delightful to think of. The pencil, you see, is like the Jinn—I fear you have no Jinn on Samson—who could do almost anything for those who knew how to command his obedience, but only made those people ridiculous who ignorantly tried to order him around. If you go on drawing every day I am sure you will learn how to make that Jinn obedient. I will send you, when I get home, some simple books for your guidance. Promise, child, that you will not throw away this gift."

"I will draw every day," she replied obediently, but with profound dejection.

"Then there is your reading. You must read something. I have looked through your shelves, and have picked out some books for you. There is a volume of Cowper and of Pope, and an old copy of the *Spectator*, and there is Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'"

"I will read anything you wish me to read," she replied.

"I will send you some more books. You ought to know something about the world of to-day. Addison and Goldsmith will not teach you that. But I don't know what to send you. Novels are supposed to represent life; but then they presuppose a knowledge of the world, to begin with. You want an account of modern society as it is, and the thing does not exist. I will consider about it."

"I will read whatever you send me. Roland, when I have read all the books and learned to draw, shall I have grown to my full height? Remember what you said about yourself."

"I don't know, Armorel. It is not reading. But"—— He left the sentence unfinished.

"Who is to tell me—on Samson?" she asked.

In the afternoon of this day Roland planted his easel on the plateau of the northern hill, where the barrows are, and put the last touches to the sketch which he afterwards made into the first picture which he ever exhibited. It appeared in the Grosvenor of '85: of course everybody remembers the picture, which attracted a very respectable amount of attention. It was called the "Daughter of Lyonesse." It represented a maiden in the first blossom of womanhood, tall and shapely. She was dressed in a robe of white wool thrown over her left shoulder and gathered at the waist by a simple belt of brown leather: a white linen vest was seen below the wool: round her neck was a golden torque: behind her was the setting sun: she stood upon the highest of a low pile of granite boulders, round the feet of which were spread the yellow branches of the fern and the faded flowers of the heather: she shaded her eyes from the sun with her left hand and looked out to sea. She was bareheaded: the strong breeze lifted her long black hair and blew it from her shoulders: her eyes were black and her complexion was dark. Behind her and below her was the splendour of sun and sky and sea, with the Western Islands rising black above the golden waters.



[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

He stooped slightly, as if he would have kissed her forehead.

The sketch showed the figure, but the drapery was not complete: as yet it was a study of light and colour and a portrait.

"I don't quite know," said the painter, thoughtfully, "whether you ought not to wear a purple chiton: Phœnician trade must have brought Phœnician luxuries to Lyonesse. Your ancestors were tin-men—rich miners—no doubt the ladies of the family went dressed in the very, very best. I wonder whether in those days the King's daughter was barefooted. The caliga, I think, the leather sandal, would have been early introduced into the royal family on account of the spikiness of the fern in autumn and the thorns of the gorse all the year round. The slaves and common people, of course, would have to endure the thorns." He continued his work while he talked, Armorel making no reply, enacting the model with zeal.

"It is a strange sunset," he went on, as if talking to himself. "A day of clouds, but in the west a broad belt of blue low down in the horizon: in the midst of the belt the sun flaming crimson: on either hand the sky aglow, but only in the belt of clear: above is the solid cloud, grey and sulky, receiving none of the colour: below is also the solid, sulky cloud, but under the sun there spreads out a fan of light which strikes the waters and sets them aflame in a long broad road from the heavens to your feet, O child of Lyonesse. Outside this road of light the waters are dull and gloomy: in the sky, the coloured belt of light fades gradually into soft yellows, clear greens, and azure blues. A strange sunset. A strange effect of light! Armorel, you see your life: it is prefigured by the light. Overhead the sky is grey and colourless: where the glow of the future does not lie on the waters they are grey and colourless. Nothing around you but the waste of grey sea: before you black rocks—life is always full of black rocks: and beyond, the splendid sun—soft, warm, and glowing. You shall interpret that in your own way."

Armorel listened, standing motionless, her left hand shading her eyes.

"If the picture," he went on, "comes out as I hope it may, it will be one of those that suggest many things. Every good picture, Armorel, as well as every good poem, suggests. It is like that statue of Christ which is always taller than the tallest man. Nobody can ever get above the thought and soul of a good picture or a good poem. There is always more in it than the wisest man knows. That is the proof of genius. That is why I long all day for the mysterious power of putting into my work the soul of everyone who looks upon it—as well as my own soul. When you come to stand before a great picture, Armorel, perhaps you will understand what I mean. You will find your heart agitated with strange emotions—you will leave it with new thoughts. When you go away from your desert island, remember every day to read a piece of great verse, to look upon a great picture, and to hear a piece of great music. As for these suggested thoughts, you will not perhaps be able to put them into words. But they will be there."

Still, Armorel made no reply. It was as if he were talking to a statue.

"I have painted you," he said, "with a golden torque round your neck: the red gold is caught by the sunshine: as for your dress, I think it must be a white woollen robe—perhaps a border of purple—but

I don't know—— There are already heaps of colour—colour of sky and of water, of the granite with the yellow lichen and of brown and yellow fern and of heather faded—— No—you shall be all in white, Armorel. No dress so sweet for a girl as white. A vest of white linen made by yourself from your own spinning-wheel, up to the throat and covering the right shoulder. Are you tired, child?"

"No—I like to hear you talk."

"I have nearly done—in fact," he leaned back and contemplated his work with the enthusiasm which is to a painter what the glow of composition is to the writer. "I have done all I can until I go home. The sun of Scilly hath a more golden glow in September than the sun of St. John's-wood. If I have caught aright—or something like it—the light that is around you and about you, Armorel——. The sun in your left hand is like the red light of the candle through the closed fingers. So—I can do no more—Armorel! you are all glorious within and without. You are indeed the King's Daughter; you are clothed with the sun as with a garment: if the sun were to disappear this moment, you would stand upon the Peak, for all the island to admire—a flaming beacon!"

His voice was jubilant—he had done well. Yet he shaded his eyes and looked at canvas and at model once more with jealousy and suspicion. If he had passed over something! It was an ambitious picture—the most ambitious thing he had yet attempted.

"Armorel!" he cried. "If I could only paint as well as I can see! Come down, child; you are good indeed to stand so long and so patiently."

She obeyed and jumped off her eminence, and stood beside him looking at the picture.

"Tell me what you think," said the painter. "You see—it is the King's daughter. She stands on a peak in Lyonesse and looks forth upon the waters. Why? I know not. She seeks the secrets of the future, perhaps. She looks for the coming of the Perfect Knight, perhaps. She expects the Heaven that waits for every maiden—in this world as well as in the next. Everyone may interpret the picture for himself. She is young—everything is possible to the young. Tell me, Armorel, what do you think?"

She drew a long breath. "A—h!" she murmured. "I have never seen anything like this before. It is not me you have painted, Roland. You say it is a picture of me—just to please and flatter me. There is my face, yet not my face. All is changed. Roland, when I am grown to my full height, shall I look like this?"

"If you do, when that day comes, I shall be proved to be a painter indeed," he replied. "If you had seen nothing but yourself—your own self—and no more, I would have burnt the thing. Now you give me hopes."

Afterwards, Armorel loved best to remember him as he stood there beside this unfinished picture, glowing with the thought that he had done what he had attempted. The soul was there.

Out of the chatter of the studio, the endless discussions of style and method, he had come down to this simple spot, to live for three weeks, cut off from the world, with a child who knew nothing of these things. He came at a time when his enthusiasm for his work was at its fiercest: that is, when the early studies are beginning to bear fruit, when the hand has acquired command of the pencil and can control the brush, and when the eye is already trained to colour. It was at a time when the young artist refuses to look at any but the greatest work, and refuses to dream of any future except that of the greatest and noblest work. It is a splendid thing to have had, even for a short time, these dreams and these enthusiasms.

"The picture is finished," said Armorel, "and to-morrow you will go away and leave me." The tears welled up in her eyes. Why should not the child cry for the departure of this sweet friend?

"My dear child," he said, "I cannot believe that you will stay for ever on this desert island."

"I do not want to leave the island. I want to keep you here. Why don't you stay altogether, Roland? You can paint here. Have we made you happy? Are you satisfied with our way of living? We will change it for you, if you wish."

"No—no—it is not that. I must go home. I must go back to my work. But I cannot bear to think of you left alone with these old people, with no companions and no friends. The time will come when you will leave the place and go away somewhere—where people live and talk"——

He reflected that if she went away it might be among people ignorant of Art and void of culture. This beautiful child, who might have been a Princess—she was only a flower-farmer of the Scilly Islands. What could she hope or expect?

"I do not want to go into the world," she went on. "I am afraid, because I am so ignorant. People would laugh at me. I would rather stay here always, if you were with me. Then we would do nothing but sail and row and go fishing: and you could paint and sketch all the time."

"It is impossible, Armorel. You talk like a child. In a year or two you will understand that it is impossible. Besides, we should both grow old. Think of that. Think of two old people going about sailing among the islands for ever. I, like Justinian Tryeth, bald and bowed and wrinkled: you, like Dorcas—no, no; you could never grow like Dorcas: you shall grow serenely, beautifully old."

"What would that matter?" she replied. "Some day, even, one of us would die. What would that matter, either, because we should only be parted by a year or two? Oh! whether we are old or young the sea never grows old, nor the hills and rocks—and the sunshine is always the same. And when we die there will be a new heaven and a new earth—you can read it in the Book of Revelations—but no more sea, no more sea. That I cannot understand. How could angels and saints be happy without the sea? If one lives among people in towns I dare say it may be disagreeable to grow old, and perhaps to look ugly like poor Dorcas, but not, no, not when one lives in such a place as this."

"Where did you get your wisdom, Armorel?"

"Is that wisdom?"

"When I go away, my chief regret will be that I kept talking to you about myself. Men are selfish pigs. We should have talked about nothing but you. Then I should have learned a great deal. See how we miss our opportunities."

"No; no; I had nothing to tell you. And you had such a great deal to tell me. It was you who taught me that everybody ought to try to grow to his full height."

"Did I? It was only a passing thought. Such things occur to one, sometimes."

She sat down on a boulder and crossed her hands in her lap, looking at him seriously and gravely with her great black eyes.

"Now," she said, "I want to be very serious. It is my last chance. Roland, I am resolved that I will try to grow to my full height. You are going away to-morrow, and I shall have no one to advise me. Give me all the help you can before you go."

"What help can I give you, Armorel?"

"I have been thinking. You have told me all about yourself. You are going to be a great artist: you will give up all your life to your work: when you have grown as tall as you can everybody will congratulate you, and you will be proud and happy. But who is to tell me? How shall I know when I am grown to my full height?"

"You have got something more in your mind, Armorel?"

"Give me a model, Roland. You always paint from a model yourself—you told me so. Now, think of the very best actual girl of all the girls you know—the most perfect girl, mind: she must be a girl that I can remember and try to copy. I must have something to think of and go by, you know."

"The very best actual girl I know?" he laughed, with a touch of the abominable modern cynicism which no longer believes in girls. "That wouldn't help you much, I am afraid. You see, Armorel, I should not look to the actual girls I know for the best girl at all. There is, however"—he pulled his shadowy moustache, looking very wise—"a most wonderful girl—I confess that I have never met her, but I have heard of her: the poets keep talking about her—and some of the novelists are fond of drawing her; I have heard of her, read of her, and dreamed of her. Shall I tell you about her?"

"If you please—that is, if she can become my model."

"Perhaps. She is quite a possible girl, Armorel, like yourself. That is to say, a girl who may really develop out of certain qualities. As for actual girls, there are any number whom one knows in a way—one can distinguish them—I mean by their voices, their faces, and their figures and so forth. But as for knowing anything more about them"——

"Tell me, then, about the girl whom you do know, though you have never seen her."

"I will if I can. As for her face—now"——

"Never mind her face," she interrupted impatiently.

"Never mind her face, as you say. Besides, you can look in the glass if you want to know her face."

"Yes. That will do," said Armorel, simply. "Now go on."

"First of all, then, she is always well dressed, beautifully dressed, and with as much taste as the silly fashion of the day allows. A woman, you know, though she is the most beautiful creature in the whole of animated nature, can never afford to do without the adornments of dress. It does not much matter how a man goes dressed. He only dresses for warmth. In any dress and in any rags a handsome man looks well. But not a woman. Her dress either ruins her beauty or it heightens it. A woman must always and at all ages look as beautiful as she can. Therefore, she arranges her clothes so as to set off her beauty when she is young: to make her seem still beautiful when she is past her youth, and to hide the ravages of time when she is old. That is the first thing which I remark about this girl. Of course, she doesn't dress as if her father was a Silver King. Such a simple stuff as your grey nun's cloth, Armorel, is good enough to make the most lovely dress."

"She is always well dressed," his pupil repeated. "That is the first thing."

"She is accomplished, of course," Roland added airily, as if accomplishments were as easy to pick up as the blue and grey shells on Porth Bay. "She understands music, and plays on some instrument. She knows about art of all kinds—art in painting, sculptures, decorations, poetry, literature, music. She can talk intelligently about art. And she has trained her eye so that she knows good work. She is never carried away by shams and humbug."

"She has trained her eye and knows good work," Armorel repeated.

"Above all, she is sympathetic. She does not talk so as to show how clever she is, but to bring out the best points of the man she is talking with. Yet when men leave her they forget what they have said themselves, and only remember how much this girl seems to know."

"Seems to know?" Armorel looked up.

"One woman cannot know everything. But a clever woman will know about everything that belongs to her own set. We all belong to our own set, and every set talks its own language—scientific, artistic, whatever it is. This girl does not pretend to enter into the arena; but she knows the rules of the game, and talks accordingly. She is always intelligent, gracious, and sympathetic."

"She is intelligent, gracious, and sympathetic," Armorel repeated. "Is she gracious to everybody, even to people she does not like?"

"In society," said Roland, "we like everybody. We are all perfectly well bred and well behaved: we always say the kindest things about each other."

"Now you are saying one thing and meaning another. That is like your friend Dick Stephenson. Don't, Roland."

"Well, then, I have very little more to say. This girl, however, is always a woman's woman."

"What is that?"

"Difficult to explain. A wise lady once advised me when I went courting, first to make quite sure that the girl was a woman's woman. I think she meant that other girls should speak and think well of her. I haven't always remembered the advice, it is true, but"—— Here he stopped short and in some confusion, remembering that this was not an occasion for plenary confession.

But Armorel only nodded gravely. "I shall remember," she said.

"The rest you know. She loves everything that is beautiful and good. She hates everything that is coarse and ugly. That is all."

"Thank you—I shall remember," she repeated. "Roland, you must have thought a good deal about girls to know so much."

He blushed: he really did. He blushed a rich and rosy red.

"An artist, you know," he said, "has to draw beautiful girls. Naturally he thinks of the lovely soul behind the lovely face. These things are only commonplaces. You yourself, Armorel—you—will shame me, presently—when you have grown to that full height—for drawing a picture so insufficient of the Perfect Woman."

He stooped slightly, as if he would have kissed her forehead. Why not? She was but a child. But he refrained.

"Let us go home," he said, with a certain harshness in his voice. "The sun is down. The clouds have covered up the belt of blue. You have seen your splendid future, Armorel, and you are back in the grey and sunless present. It grows cold. To-morrow, I think, we may have rain. Let us go home, child: let us go home."

(To be continued.)



H.R.H. on Literature.

The Centenary of the Royal Literary Fund was celebrated in right royal fashion. I, for one, am glad to see the Prince of Wales coming out as a patron of letters. That scamp of a great-uncle of his, George IV., never appeared more presentable than when he was hobnobbing with Sir Walter Scott, and Beau Brummel's "fat friend" never spoke more truly than when he said that the making of Sir Walter a baronet was the best deed of his reign. And in the same manner I am pleased to see the Prince of Wales speaking on literature, even though he modestly confesses to possessing no literary gifts. One remark of his Royal Highness is open to question. I am not quite sure that the Royal Literary Fund is best employing its money when it is helping the widow of Mr. R. A. Proctor or the widow of

The Rev. J. G. Wood.

Both men were successful lecturers and bookmakers—I hardly like to call them authors—and must have realised a mint of money at both vocations. They were no doubt improvident men, and here is where the trouble comes. The Royal Literary Fund should not encourage improvidence. It should be devoted to the service of those whose books, although useful to the community, cannot from their very nature be "popular." Here before me is one of Mr. J. G. Wood's books, which deserves a wide popularity. "Petland" (Longman's, 3s. 6d.) contains an abundance of anecdotes about cats, dogs, chameleons, hedgehogs, and all the conventional and unconventional pets in which the enthusiastic naturalist delighted.

Mr. Wood was able to tell the most trifling incident in animal life so as to give a great deal of entertainment. Every peculiarity of "Pret," his favourite cat, was noted with loving care. "Chimney-sweepers," he writes, "were detestable to him; and I shall never forget his look of utter consternation, one morning, as he fled upstairs after coming unexpectedly on the soot-begrimed face of a chimney-sweeper emerging from a room with all his brushes on his shoulder, and his eyes and teeth gleaming whitely out of their blackened setting."



"PRET," FAVOURITE CAT OF THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse

is a very gifted art-critic, the author of a "Life of Turner" and other interesting books. He has just published, through Mr. Elkin Mathews of Vigo-street, a very pretty volume of poems, or shall I say—and it is equally correct—a volume of very pretty poems? I will quote "A Disappointment," because it is the shortest:—

It happened thus. The other day,
When I came late from town,
I took a peep at little May,
All warmly nestled down.

And as I peeped at her she smiled
A smile so bright and rare;
I thought I never saw a child
So pretty anywhere.

I bent and kissed, as still she slept,
Her lips so sweetly parted;
But she awoke, and stared and wept,
As she were broken-hearted.

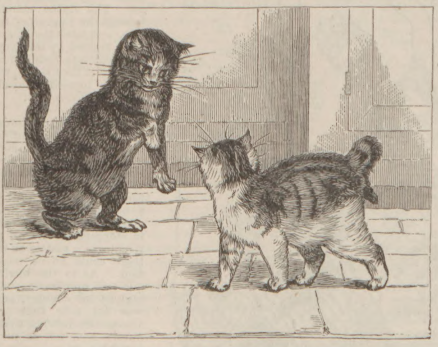
With gentle speech and soft caress
The tears were quickly dried,
And as the sobs grew less and less
I asked her why she cried.

"Because," she murmured tearfully—
"Because it wasn't true—
I thought that God was kissing me,
And it was only you."

This you will say, although a pretty conceit, is scarcely good poetry. True. But the good poems in the volume are too long to quote. I must ask you to take them on trust from me.

A New Life of Nelson.

I was writing about Mr. Clark Russell, the other day, and, lo and behold! here is a book from his pen which will probably last longer than any one of his novels. By the way, I should hasten to thank a Swansea correspondent for reminding me that the veteran song-writer, Henry Russell, the famous composer and singer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and the father of Mr. Clark Russell, is still hale and hearty. His clever son's latest work is a "Lifo of Nelson," forming the first volume of the "Heroes of the Nations," a new series of five-shilling biographies, which Messrs. Putnam Sons have just published. Mr. Russell writes of Nelson with all the enthusiasm of one who knows the sea, but he is severe on Lady Hamilton, of course. His book contains such an abundance of the new facts which have accumulated since Southey wrote, it is so well illustrated, and in every way so attractive, that I expect it will be the standard biography of Nelson for a long time to come.



KITTENS AT PLAY (FROM "PETLAND").

"Ivy and Passion-Flower."

A pretty little volume is "Ivy and Passion-Flower," among the first-fruits of a new publisher (William Heinemann, 21, Bedford-street). The author, Mr. Gerald Bendall, has previously done good work in poetry, but this assuredly contains his happiest efforts. I should like to quote a dozen poems or so, but will content myself with just one, a slight little thing entitled "Rhodope":—

Rhodope, so rosy soft,
Bathed her beauty in the Nile;
Swooped an eagle from aloft,
Stole her dainty shoe the while.

Lightly bore the precious thing
Till he safely dropped it down
On the lap of Egypt's King,
Psammetichus, in Memphis town.

Much the King desired to see
Her who owned the pretty shoe;
Found—and wedded Rhodope;
'Twas the least that he could do.

Purged of all poetic leaven,
Readers in this tale may note
Marriages were made in heaven,
E'en in times the most remote.

Shoes and eagles, naught too rare,
Naught too slight to couple us—
Imitate the billing pair,
Rhodope, Psammetichus.

Archibald Forbes on Havelock.

As a companion volume to the story of a great sailor, let me note a biography of a great soldier—Sir Henry Havelock. Mr. Archibald Forbes has stripped Havelock's life of much of the goody-goody element which too often accompanies biographies of this General, and he has given us instead what is much more to the point—some very graphic descriptions of the battles in which Havelock took part. The volume is one of the "English Men of Action" series (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)

TATLER.

The "World" says: "Mr. Stanley's engagement to Miss Dorothy Tennant, which Mrs. Tennant announced at her 'at home' last Saturday, forms a felicitous finish to the Emin Expedition. The wedding is expected to take place in July, and it is probable that it will be in Westminster Abbey."

Some remarkable information about the favourite beverages of European Sovereigns has been published, remarks "Atlas," by an American journal. The Queen is described as preferring "the old-fashioned wines," port and sherry, and she is fond of hock and tokay. Formerly the Queen drank champagne and claret, and she never cared for either port or sherry. It was the Prince Consort who liked tokay so much, and he invariably drank a bumper of it after dinner, regarding it, and very rightly, as a liquor. Of late years the Queen, by advice of Sir William Jenner, has usually taken Apollinaris water and Scotch whisky, and even when she drinks a glass of claret it is often mixed with Apollinaris. The Lochnagar distillery, from which the Queen obtains her whisky, is on the Balmoral estate.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY, anticipating the flight of her Lords and Commons for their brief Whitsuntide Holiday, has left Windsor for her summer sojourn in Scotland. Balmoral rejoices. The Queen's birthday falls on May 24, but was, curiously enough, officially kept on Wednesday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family assiduously act as her Majesty's deputies. On May 16, in beautiful weather, the Princess of Wales held the second of the May Drawingrooms at Buckingham Palace. The Princess of Wales, with accustomed good taste, wore a dress of white satin, veiled with fine Brussels lace; train of white and silver brocade, edged with fine Brussels lace and plume of ostrich feathers. Headdress: Tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments: Diamonds. Orders: Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Commemoration Medal, St. Catharine of Russia, and Danish Family Order. Their Royal Highnesses Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales wore dresses of white satin, veiled in mousseline de soie, and trimmed with bunches of coral roses; train of exquisite white English damask, lined faille, corsage of the same damask-trimmed mousseline de soie, and bunch of roses. Ornaments: Pearls and diamonds. There was a State Ball at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday night.

The Prince of Wales was present at a conversazione given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall on May 16, to celebrate the Penny Postage Jubilee. This Postal exhibition was most interesting.—A large collection of postage-stamps has been on view during the week at the Portman Rooms, the old abode of Madame Tussaud's. This Jubilee Exhibition was opened last Monday by the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and Prince Henry of Prussia, went to Chatham last Saturday afternoon by special train on a visit to Prince George, who has now taken command of the Thrush, gun-vessel. The train ran into Chatham Dockyard over the new line of railway. The visitors first drove to the residence of Captain Stephenson, aide-de-camp to the Queen, commanding the Chatham steam reserve, where at luncheon they were joined by Lord Wolseley and Major-General Goodenough, C.B. Admiral Kelly, the Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, and other officials afterwards conducted the Royal visitors to the Thrush, where they were received with the accustomed honours by Prince George, the Lieutenant-Commander, and the other officers of the ship, who were severally introduced. Prince George conducted his callers over the vessel, on which before they left a photograph of the party was taken. The principal officials of the dockyard were presented to their Royal Highnesses before their return to London. In the evening Prince George was present with the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, at the performance of "Paul Kauvar" at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Prince George left Marlborough House on Monday morning for Chatham Dockyard, to assume the command of her Majesty's ship Thrush, which sailed the same day for the West Indian station. Prince Albert Victor accompanied him to Sheerness, and thence returned to London. We cordially wish the gallant young sailor Prince "Bon Voyage!"

General Gordon's memory was honoured on Monday at Chatham, the locality of so much of his useful labour, in a manner which bore striking testimony to the affection and esteem which his high character and gallant deeds have inspired among all classes of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Onslow Ford's statue, the unveiling of which by the Prince of Wales was made the occasion of a very imposing ceremony, has been rendered tolerably familiar by the cast now on view at the Royal Academy; but one has to be projected into the surroundings of the permanent work to grasp the full meaning of Mr. Ford's production, and to see the appropriateness of its erection at the headquarters of the corps of which Gordon was so distinguished a member. We give a Sketch of the admirable monument. The Royal Engineers' memorial has taken the form, first, of a stained-glass window in Rochester Cathedral, in connection with the Engineers' "Egypt and Indian" memorial windows, which were unveiled by Lord Wolseley in August 1888; secondly, of a monument to be placed in Westminster Abbey; thirdly, of a bronze bust to be placed in the Engineer officers' mess at Chatham, with a replica for the Royal Artillery mess at Woolwich; fourthly, of a silver shield to be presented to Miss Gordon, sister of the general; and finally, of the statue, unveiled on Monday in the Brompton Barracks at Chatham. Gordon is represented riding on a camel, and in the uniform of an Egyptian general, which he wore as Governor-General of the Soudan, notably at Dara, when he broke up the army of slave-dealers commanded by Lubair Pasha's son. The statue stands in front of the Engineers' Institute, and faces the Memorial Arch erected by the corps to commemorate their comrades who fell in the Crimea, where Gordon himself played so distinguished a part.



GENERAL GORDON MEMORIAL, UNVEILED BY PRINCE OF WALES AT CHATHAM ON MONDAY.

In the House of Lords, on May 16, the Marquis of Salisbury made an important statement as to the policy of the Government with regard to Africa. They considered the Zambesi and the Shiré to be International highways, and the action of Portugal in stopping vessels on those rivers was a matter on which there could be no negotiation. As to the territorial question, opinion was running high in this country, and he was not sure that people always remembered that dominion was not an unmitigated luxury.

A new kind of lobbying has been introduced in the House of Commons, and has attracted much attention. On Friday week the case of Sir William Palliser came on, a motion being moved claiming an allowance for his family in consideration of services rendered to the State by his work in the improvement of ammunition. The previous evening the three daughters of the late inventor were brought down to the lobby by Colonel Nolan, who presented to them as many members as he could catch. The young ladies pleaded their own cause, the youngest writing down in a book the names of members who promised to vote for the motion. As the Misses Palliser are young and pretty, the scheme proved a great success. Not quite a sufficient one, however, for Colonel Nolan's motion was lost.



SOUVENIR OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE MATINÉE.

Lord and Lady Salisbury held a reception at their residence in Arlington-street last Monday evening of the chief members of the Primrose League. Two thousand invitations were issued. The company present included nearly all the Dames and Executive Officers of the various branches of the Metropolis.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery and Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, arrived at Windsor Castle on Monday evening on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party.

The accouchement of the Duchess of Fife is expected early in July.

The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain arrived at Charing-cross Station from Paris last Monday evening.

Mr. H. M. Stanley was on Saturday night entertained at a banquet by the Turners' Company, of which he is a member. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., felicitously congratulated him on his engagement to Miss Dorothy Tennant. Replying to the toast of his health, Mr. Stanley said although the expedition entailed great misery and suffering on all who took part in it, he was sustained by the thought that every step he took forward was something gained for civilisation. Sir John Pender entertained the great traveller last Monday.

Mr. Gladstone, after visiting Norwich on Friday, received an address from the Liberals of Lowestoft on Saturday. In his reply, he expressed his regret that, under the pretext of a judicial inquiry, the Turkish Government appeared resolved to sanction every description of crime perpetrated by their agents in Armenia. As to the alleged cruelties practised by Russia upon the prisoners in Siberia, he should be very glad if her Majesty's Government could make friendly representations to the Czar's Government, but he feared they would be met with a reminder of what they themselves did at Mitchelstown.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages (3 stamps), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (Reg.), 186, Euston-road, London.—[ADVT.]

Guy's Tonic
Guy's Tonic
Guy's Tonic

The great remedy for indigestion, the liver, and nervousness. The immediate relief afforded by the first few doses astonishes everybody, and so wonderfully marked is the restoration that many write asking the reason for so rapid a recovery, every other form of treatment having previously failed completely. The secret of its success is that no other medicine is so admirably adapted to this age of hurry, worry, and waste, when nervous prostration, feeble digestion, and liver irregularities are so frequently produced by the high pressure at which we live. Millions of valuable and good lives are thrown away through neglecting to treat tonically the very first symptoms of disease. Those who draw prizes in this gigantic battle of life must work occasionally at high pressure. Laborious business avocations and wearing professional responsibilities are followed by nerve waste and exhaustion of vital energies, because during this excessive mental application one forgets that the organs subjected to extra exertion need a more bountiful supply of nourishment, which must contain the special pabulum for mental and muscular growth. Persons in whom the nervous system is much taxed require tonics far more than those whose labour entails great bodily exertion—it is mental rather than physical work which demands it; and it is only too well known that brain labour exhausts the nervous system, and so produces dyspepsia, with all its attendant misery. Guy's Tonic will bring about an unquestionable improvement in the general health, the appetite will return, digestion be quickened, and the liver again become active by its use. It is the very thing required in this age of debility, when all complaints are of a depressing and weakening character. If, therefore, you are in doubt about your health, don't hesitate, but procure Guy's Tonic at once. The most obstinate, chronic, and complicated maladies are yielding daily to this matchless medicine.

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

SKIN DISEASES.

"SIRS,—I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for all your Tonic has done for me, and, as it may be of service to others, I will endeavour to state my case from the very commencement. As a young girl I was proud of an unusually clear complexion, but I was not strong, and by-and-bye I began to suffer from indigestion, biliousness, and great depression. Then a slight rash showed itself, red pimples about the forehead and a good deal of roughness; this grew worse and became inflamed and dreadfully irritable, with the utmost difficulty I refrained from scratching. Some of the spots gathered and were very unsightly, leaving behind discoloration of the skin, and little harsh red patches. This gradually spread over the whole surface of the face, the skin becoming dry, harsh, and thickened. I entirely lost my appetite, and I was almost in despair about my condition—this disfigurement overwhelmed me with grief and humiliation. I hid myself from everyone, and hardly dared look in the glass; my eyes were sunken and dark-rimmed. No remedies had the slightest effect on me beyond the moment. Washes, lotions, pills, and potions were alike useless. If I fancied a slight improvement one day, I was undeniably worse the next. You will see that no one has greater reason to be thankful than I, when I tell you that after two or three bottles of Guy's Tonic the eruption began to fade, and has now entirely disappeared. My complexion is as brilliant as ever it was, my general health has much improved, and my indigestion is a thing of the past. It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send you this, as no woman can be happier who suffers as I did from an apparently incurable complaint.—I am, gentlemen, yours in deepest gratitude, "ALICE PARKER."

KIDNEY AND KINDRED AILMENTS.

"GENTLEMEN,—No pen can paint the agonies I endured for five long years. I suffered acutely from indigestion and liver complaint, and my whole nervous system was completely prostrated. The kidney secretion was very cloudy, and the pains around my loins were so great that I felt as if I were being dragged in two night and day. I was advised to try Guy's Tonic; and, though loth to throw away more of my hardly got earnings, I bought a bottle. In a marvellously short time I found the pains gradually disappearing, and Nature reasserting herself once more. I am now a hale, hearty man, and can defy suffering while I have the means to purchase what worked my cure. Yours very truly, "EDWARD CHAMPION."

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"GENTLEMEN,—A rapidly acting tonic such as Guy's that one can take without producing the slightest constipation, is, I think, something entirely new under the sun. As far as I am concerned, it is what I have been seeking for years. I cannot say that either my stomach, liver, or nerves are actually diseased; but that they are not strong I knew to my cost, for, after eating a heavy meal, particularly if I partook of it late in the evening, I felt headachy and thoroughly miserable all the next day. After a few bottles of your wonderful Tonic, I can eat and drink like other men, without either pain or discomfort on the morrow.—Yours faithfully, "T. S. WELLS."

IMMODERATE SMOKING.

"GENTLEMEN,—I cannot speak too highly of your valuable Tonic in cases of slow and painful digestion, sensations of fulness and distension, accompanied with giddiness after food, as well as bilious flatulency, sour eructations, and a coated tongue. I believed myself to be suffering from a chronic affection of the stomach and liver, since everything I tried failed to give me relief. The greater part of my symptoms were brought on by immoderate smoking. After taking Guy's Tonic for a few days, to my amazement and joy, I found myself restored to my usual health.—Yours respectfully, "W. S. DAVEY."

NOTICE.

We guarantee that Guy's Tonic contains neither quinine nor iron; in fact, we cannot too seriously warn sufferers against taking compounds containing either of these drugs. The former is notorious for producing neuralgia, rheumatism, and pains in the head, the latter causing such violent constipation and liver congestions that the use of the remedy is attended with results that are far worse than the disease it is intended to cure. Do not allow the trader, therefore, to influence you to buy any such substitute for Guy's Tonic. All respectable Chemists as well as Patent Medicine Dealers will procure it for you at 2s. 9d. per Bottle, if not already in stock. If, however, you cannot obtain it promptly, remit the amount (2s. 9d.) to Guy's Tonic Company, 4, Ludgate-circus, London, and it will be sent by return, post paid. An occasional use of Guy's Tonic does not lead to habitual requirement.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Cricket.

The second week of the cricket season certainly added nothing in the way of interest, and already a

New Record

has been made. The Australians, of course, easily defeated Warwickshire, though making no big score; but when Mr. Laverton's strong team was encountered at Westbury, in Wiltshire,

Then came the Turn

of the English. On the first innings Mr. Laverton's team had an advantage of 74 runs, both elevens batting under similar conditions. In the second innings the Australians were well led by W. G. Grace with 74, and their innings of 223 carried them 297 ahead. Here the history of the previous week repeated itself, except that the visitors were this time

The Victims.

On Friday rain fell, and on Saturday, when the Australians went in, a bright sun shone, and rendered the wicket

Very Treacherous,

and all in the bowlers' favour, the result being that the Australians were defeated by 181 runs. Ferris was again the successful bowler, he taking twelve wickets for a trifle over eight. Trott and Trumble were both tried, but their bowling was only so much

Food for the Batsmen.

The splendid performance of Shrewsbury and Gunn in the Notts v. Sussex match has, of course, been in everyone's mouth. Shrewsbury and J. A. Dixon opened the batting for Notts on Thursday, Mr. Dixon being out for 26. Then Gunn came in, and there he stayed as Shrewsbury's partner until twenty minutes

On the Following Day,

having made 196 runs. The partnership realised 398 runs, which surpasses the previous record by 58. Shrewsbury all but carried out his bat, he being caught out off one of Humphreys's lobs, at the end of his innings, for 267—a score which

Exactly Equals

that made a few years ago, on the same ground, by Prince of Middlesex. Thus Sussex, who were beaten in an innings and 206 runs, have once more made themselves clopping-blocks for other people's axes. The Surrey v. Essex match also occasioned considerable interest. Surrey scored a victory by 136 runs. Middlesex and Kent played an interesting and close match, Kent winning by 39 runs. Burton, for Middlesex, and Wright, for Kent, both bowled very well, the latter making 59 in the first innings, but was not out for nothing at all in the second.

The Lady Cricketers

are, perhaps, not regarded any too seriously by a large number; but those who witness their play come away very much more impressed with the ability which they were expected to be. At Chiswick Park there was a large crowd to witness a match between the two teams, who played up all the time as hard as though the

Fate of a County

at least depended upon their exertions. As is usual, Miss C. Westbrook, who captains the Reds, made top score, her effort amounting to 91. This enabled the Reds to score 157 to 99.

L. A. C. Meeting.

The London Athletic Club scored a very great success on Saturday at their meeting at Stamford-bridge. Anxious to pay off their debt, it was decided that at this particular meeting everyone, members and others, should pay for admission, and tickets for the same were issued previously. Instead of anything approaching a limited attendance in consequence of this, there was a very large one, and a very good and varied programme kept everyone interested from start to finish until seven. Pollock-Hill, the hurdler, were both prevented from competing, but other good runners were there. T. T. Pitman, the Sandhurst runner, won the mile challenge cup in 4 min. 36 sec., but could do nothing in the half-mile handicap with thirteen yards, the time of the winner, S. G. Ponsford (68 yards start), being 1 min. 54 2-5 sec. This race was one of the greatest certainties ever known in handicaps, the winner being equal to 1 min 52 sec. off his mark. He won with great ease. The 120-yards hurdle-race had a fine entry, and

The Champion,

C. W. Howard, and T. Jennings, C.U.A.C., were among the starters. The race was meritoriously won by F. A. Waylen, on the post. Waylen must be a stayer of the first order, for he ran no fewer than seven times during the afternoon, and yet was in the final heat of each of the three races in which he competed. Pitman is also a wonder in this respect, for, in spite of his exertions in the mile and half-mile, he ran again in the 300 yards, and was well up in his heat. F. D. Dutton showed himself to be a good man in the one-mile handicap, for, with five yards start, he was beaten by three yards only, in 4 min. 32 3-5 sec., and would have

Actually Won,

had he not allowed the winner, P. Warren, to get away too far, and delayed his final spurt so long. A lacrosse-race, open to lacrosse-players only, was won by D. Basan, by a few inches only from H. A. Gardom, who, up to now, has been *facile princeps* at this game.

The Quarter-mile Public Schools Championship race was an innovation, and a decidedly successful one. The presence of the Hon. A. Ward, from Eton, would have made the contest still more interesting, though it is doubtful if he would have beaten the winner, J. Eastley, of Haileybury College, who accomplished 54 3-5 sec. in his heat, and is equal to better than this.

Catford Cycle Club Meeting.

At the Paddington Grounds the Catford Cycling Club had an

Absolutely Enormous

meeting, both as regards competitors and spectators. The latter really made a record attendance for this ground, though few athletic or cycling meetings, we should say, have been favoured with a larger attendance. Englishmen can do with a great deal of sport, but even they do not care for too much of it at a dose, and from three o'clock to 8.30 comes distinctly under the head of

Overdoing It.

Altogether, sixty races were run in the five hours and a half. F. J. Osmond was in rare sprinting form, and, but for the wind, would have beaten his 37 sec. in the quarter-mile race. He rode splendidly to make that time. His great opponent, F. P. Wood, was second. A similar race for safety machines was won by E. Leitch in 36 4-5 sec., the little wheels being an advantage in the wind, for two men accomplished this time, W. C. Jones being beaten by a few inches only. In the half-mile novices' handicap there were

151 Starters,

and in the one mile, 114, two nice little tasks for the handicapper, who did well in the mile, as the time, 2 min. 42 4-5 sec., shows.

The Return Match

at five miles between the Catford and Polytechnic Cycling Clubs was much looked forward to, but directly after the start five men came down of a heap, some being more or less injured. A fresh start was made according to conditions, but the Polytechnic men were the only ones injured, so they had no real show, though they supplied

First and Second

in Leitch and Osmond, Leitch winning by a few inches, and fourth in W. Price. Their first four men counted sixteen to twenty-one by their opponents, but the scoring was by the first six in, and the placing of W. C. Jones *hors de combat* by the accident put them out of it.

There was a one-mile running handicap, in which as many as 120 started, so, of course, no back-marker could hope to get through.

Roller-skating races at the huge rink at Olympia seem now all the go, and I notice that the mile is being done in three minutes. I venture to suggest to the management that it would be well to secure the co-operation of a few gentlemen recognised as authorities in the athletic world to certify to the measurement of the track and to the times. As things are, the performances stand

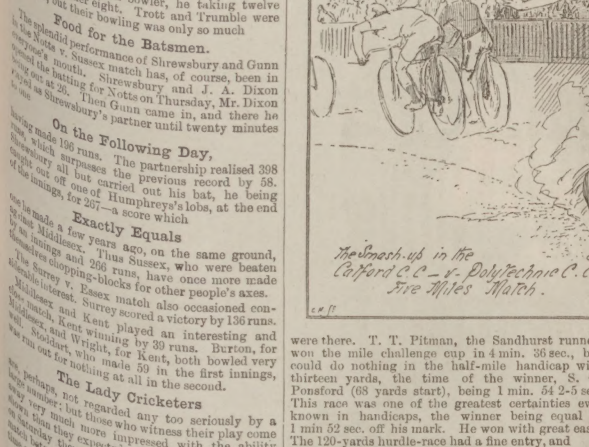
No Chance

of being accepted. The supposed invincible American champion at this game has been "considerably busted," as I have heard defeat described by a countryman of his.

The National Physical Recreation Society, under the direction of Colonel Onslow, are going to have a whole week of displays at the Agricultural Hall. Among other things those unsurpassable pole-jumpers, T. Ray and E. C. Stones, will be seen every day of the six.

BANSHEE.

"The Racing World" is given on page 334.

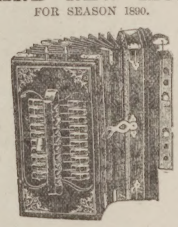


ROW HAL BERTE (ALBERT PERKINS) WON HIS ROLLER-SKATING RACE AT OLYMPIA.



CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

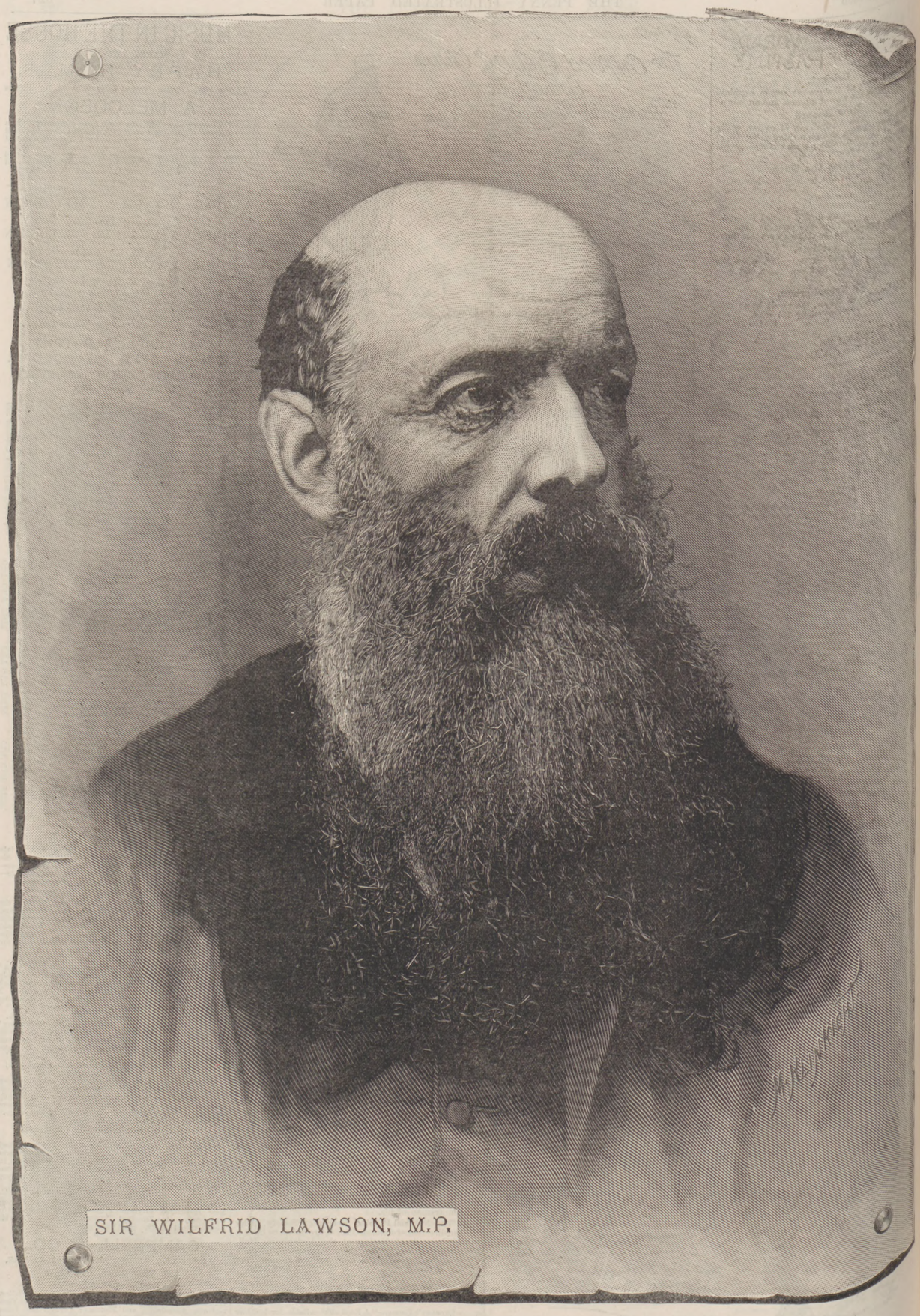
MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.
The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is
A MELODEON.
The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED. NO ONE DISSATISFIED.
THE "GEM" MELODEON
is a Marvel of Cheapness.
THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.
THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON
No Home should be Without One.
Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home? Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy? Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party? Then procure one of
CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS.
GRAND NEW MODEL
FOR SEASON 1890.
"EVERY READER OF THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" SHOULD HAVE ONE.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND MELODEONS HAVE BEEN SOLD.
British Patent, 4492. German Patent, 24,110.

CUT OUT THIS.
P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.
CUT OUT THIS. CUT OUT THIS.

CUT OUT THIS.
P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.
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CUT OUT THIS.
P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.
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NO DECEPTION HERE.
The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."
100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.
Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.
"275, Rotherhithe New-road, London, 1860.
"Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Gem' Melodeon at 6s. 6d., with which instrument I am highly pleased; indeed, I can assure you an instrument with such a splendid tone cannot be had in London for any money. I will have pleasure in recommending the 'Gem' to all my friends.—I remain, yours truly, ALFRED SMITH."
"1, St. Brelade's, High Park, Ryde, I. of W., 1890.
"Sirs,—Having this day received the 10s. 'Miniature' Melodeon I ordered from you, must say I am delighted with it, as it is the sweetest tone I have ever played upon, and shall recommend it to all my friends.—I remain, Sirs, yours truly, C. E. MUNT."
"1, Jubilee-terrace, Lansdown-road, Forest-gate, London, April 8, 1890.
"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your beautiful Favourite Melodeon, price 16s. 6d. I am very much pleased with its splendid tone, and heartily recommend it to all who require a convenient instrument for gospel open-air meetings.—Yours truly, S. BRADFORD.
"For the Upton Park Christian Band."
"44, Railway-street, Sunderland, Feb. 27, 1890.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to inform you that I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon safe and sound by this morning's post, and must say that I am highly pleased with it. It is a marvel of beauty and finish, and I can with confidence recommend it to any of my friends. Thanking you for your prompt attention, I remain, yours respectfully, "THOMAS LEDSLEY."
N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List for Season 1890; now ready. One Hundred Thousand of these Valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to
CAMPBELL & CO.,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS,
116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW
(Established Fifty Years).
Also the Largest Assortment in the Kingdom of Violins, Guitars, and Banjos; Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Concertinas, Accordeons, and Flutinas; Cornets and Brass Band Instruments; Drums, Organ-Accordeons, Musical Boxes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.
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VIOLIN MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.



SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P.

Reproduced by permission from the lifelike photograph of Sir Wilfrid Lawson taken by Mr. Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street, W.



AT THE MADELEINE FLOWER MARKET.



ON A VILLA TERRACE AT NEUILLY.



AT THE PRÉ CATALAN.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES.



A PRETTY DRESS FOR EARLY SUMMER.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I WISH those of you who are interested in philanthropic work had been with me at Exeter Hall on the evening of Monday, May 12, to see the annual meeting of the

Ragged School Union.

It is now, I believe, forty-five years, or thereabouts, since the great and good Lord Shaftesbury thought what an excellent thing it would be if something could be done to educate the ragged boys and girls of this great city, and to improve their moral condition. He was not a man to give up any good work he took in hand, and long before his death he had the great happiness of seeing the success of this, one of the very greatest of his many noble projects. It was

A Wonderful Sight

at Exeter Hall the other night. Rags were conspicuous by their absence, and, but for association's sake, one would think a better and more appropriate name might now be found. At this annual festival

Prizes are Given

to girls and lads over fourteen, and under eighteen, who have been educated in the schools and sent out into the world; but each boy and girl must have been a year in his, or her, situation, and have a good report from their employers. Prizes are also given to those who have distinguished themselves in the various schools in and about London. Her Royal Highness

The Duchess of Teck,

and her pretty daughter, Princess Victoria, came to present the prizes; and it was exhilarating to hear those lads and lasses joining in "God Save the Queen" to the organ accompaniment when the Duchess and her daughter came on the platform, with Lady Burdett-Coutts and several other devoted friends of the cause in her train. The Royal ladies carried lovely

Bouquets of Roses,

and looked very much pleased and interested with all they saw and heard. The choir, numbering 700 voices, sang hymns and part-songs; there were a few speeches before and after the presentation of the prizes; and such clapping and talking and laughing I never heard. Everyone seemed happy and in good humour. There is now

A Children's Holiday Fund

in connection with the "Ragged School Union," and a large number of poor children are now sent to the country for a fortnight every year. And, in addition, the society has now what it calls a "Boys' Camp." There is to be one this year at Folkestone. Lord Radnor has given the ground for it.

The Costume Sketches,

reproduced this week from the *Lady's Pictorial*, aptly illustrate the difference between the style of the Parisian dressmaker and that of the English modiste. *Chic* is the characteristic of the graceful Parisian drawings of M. Mars. He gives first a beautiful toilette that caught his fancy at the Madeleine Flower Market: a partly pleated gown of pale beige-coloured bengaline, with a design in darker tone; straw hat to match the colour of the dress, and trimmed with white surah ribbons and white lilac; and sunshade also matching the dress in colour. The striking dress sketched by M. Mars at Neuilly is of tartan corded silk, the ground white with bars of dark green and grey; sleeves of white bengaline, with dark green ribbons; hat of pale-green straw, trimmed with striped white and green gauze ribbons and blush-pink roses; the sunshade being of white corded silk. The costume sketched at the Pré Catalan consists of a jacket of broché woollen material, the design dark grey on a pale grey ground; bordered with grey ostrich-feather trimming; dress of white nun's veiling arranged in loose folds; hat of Tuscan straw, trimmed with white roses, the inside of the brim embroidered with grey straw.

Worthy the high reputation won by Messrs. Tarn, of Newington-causeway, are the remaining designs from the *Lady's Pictorial*. One of the daintiest and prettiest ball-dresses I have seen for some time came from this establishment. But my text now is the becoming Home dresses made at Tarn's. First stands a beige dress with a broken white-and-brown check; sleeves and panels of golden-brown bengaline, a big lapel of the same material being placed on the bodice; collar and cuffs covered with Irish crochet; and two corners of the beige being carried over the shoulders, making a tasteful finish to the back of the bodice. Sleeves and panel are also trimmed with crochet; and the buttons are of ivory-tinted bone, prettily painted with miniature figures. The other dress from Tarn's is an elegantly made costume of vieux-rose broché, and the palest forget-me-not blue silk gracefully draped with vieux-rose cashmere fringed with silk. This is arranged in a series of artistic folds, tiny ones being carried prettily over the shoulders.

You all know by this how very keen I am upon housekeeping. I have just come upon a first-rate little book upon the subject, which I want to recommend to any of my readers who may be about to marry. I know that, theoretically, girls are supposed to learn how to keep house from their mothers; but, as the author of the

"Art of Housekeeping"

(that is the name of the little book. It is published by Sampson Low and Co., and I do not know the price) says in her preface, mothers forget their own early difficulties, and do not think it necessary to teach their daughters In another place she says, and says truly, "the knowledge of housekeeping is the training of a queen." Very sensible, too, are the writer's remarks upon the strain put upon affection when the husband finds that "his idol does not know how to use his money, or supervise his comfort"; and, again, "It is certain that the highest mental culture will not prevent heartburnings at



AN ELEGANT DRESS FOR MAY.

home and a number of concomitant troubles, where the 'helpmeet' is above giving help, and making a shilling secure a shilling's worth. High Greek will not atone for the want of common-sense, nor a B.Sc. degree replace ability to

Regulate the Week's Bills."

I hope you will all get this little book, "The Art of Housekeeping," by Mrs. Haweis. She is, as perhaps some of you know, the wife of the popular preacher the Rev. R. H. Haweis. Some very interesting meetings were held recently in connection with the

National Health Society.

One of the most important was at Grosvenor House. The Duke of Westminster was in the chair, and his charming young Duchess gave the certificates and medals to the successful candidates at the examinations held by the society after lectures delivered at seventeen different centres. There was also a very important meeting, presided over by the

Duchess of Albany,

held on May 13, at the house of Dr. Scholefield, in Westbourne-terrace. Dr. Scholefield has perfected a scheme which is to be worked out by the National Health Society for the "systematic education of women and girls in personal and domestie hygiene by means of fully illustrated courses of lectures and examinations." All information respecting these

Lectures

can be had on application to the Secretary, National Health Society, 44, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. The fees are by no means extravagantly high, being one guinea for the two courses, or ten shillings for the primary and fifteen for the advanced course if taken separately. It would be a very good thing if some energetic person would try and get the law amended with regard to the

Sanitation of Houses.

When any of you take a new house, do not be satisfied to have the landlord's word that the drains are in good order. You must have it all written down, and then, if they are not in order, you have some redress. There was a case in the papers about a fortnight ago of a man who lost two children from scarlet fever; the drains in a new house he went into were defective, but, not having a written warranty from the landlord, the law could not help him*. If the National Health Society would take up this matter they would be national benefactors. It comes before hygienic education, in my opinion. It is no use for healthy people to live in

Unhealthy Houses.

It is worse than putting new wine into old bottles.

What a hubbub there was the other night at the Patti concert at the Albert Hall! For the first time in her life, I suppose,

Madame Patti

refused the encore; and the audience, not satisfied with the excuse that she had a cold, shouted and clapped and hissed, and refused to hear anyone else. When she came out to bow for the last time, she had all her wraps on, and long before the discontented ones had quieted down Madame Patti was well on her way to her hotel. She is certainly a very charming singer, but I wish she would learn a few new songs. I am just a little tired of "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer," sweet as they are.

MARGUERITE.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

There being a distinct public want for illuminated gardens to stroll in, and inspiriting music to listen to, of a Summer's evening, since the Prince of Wales accustomed us to this rational form of entertainment at the South Kensington Exhibitions, the promoters of the similarly attractive form of popular recreation at Earl's Court are justly entitled to the support of the community in opening a French Exhibition on the site of the Italian Exhibition. This French Exhibition in London is going to be a remarkably brilliant show, albeit it was singularly unfinished on the opening day, Saturday last. The Committee of French exhibitors, marshalled by energetic Mr. J. R. Whitley, the Manager, are labouring day and night to get all their goods and works of art over from France; the close of the Paris Salon next month will see a large number of good paintings and pieces of French sculpture added to the Art collection already on view; and when, in addition to the ten thousand extra lamps which light up the evening Promenade Concerts, the "switch-back," and realistic panorama of the Arc de Triomphe, as viewed from the Champs Elysées, light French pieces are played in the Louvre Theatre, and the "Wild East" performances of the Arabs in the Hippodrome are supplemented by the team of lions expected from Paris, the French Exhibition is pretty certain to be remarkably successful.

* * * * *

The opening ceremony, performed with due earnestness and heartiness by the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs, was graced by the presence of Colonel J. T. North, Mrs. and Miss North, M. Sandoz, Mr. J. R. Whitley, Captain Carvick, and other men of mark. With characteristic munificence, Colonel North has announced a gift of £500 to the funds of the French Hospital in London, and a Summer fête is to be set apart for the benefit of this charity. When all is said and done, the open-air concerts in the pleasure-gardens so tastefully lit by Mr. James Pain will, perhaps, be best appreciated by the public.

[* We venture to doubt the correctness of Miss "Marguerite's" statement. Speaking from our own somewhat trying experience, we should say that, given the requisite unfavourable report of the local sanitary inspector on the badness of the drainage, the landlord of the insanitary house would be compelled to put the drains in thoroughly good order.—Ed. P.I.P.]



LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

PATENTS (*Continued*).

Actions for infringement of patents are the most common mode of contesting the validity of a patent, and are of frequent occurrence. Formerly these cases were tried by jury, but, as they involved many technical and difficult scientific questions, of which everybody, from the Judge downwards, was profoundly ignorant, and upon which experts gave confident evidence upon both sides, it is easy to understand that the verdicts were very often unjust, and that the counsel who had the last speech to the jury had the best chances. So, by the new Patent Act, it is now provided that questions about the law of patents shall be generally tried without a jury, but with the aid of assessors specially qualified. The plaintiff has to state the breach of the patent he complains of. The defendant has to state the grounds upon which he disputes the patent, and, if he says the patent is not a new invention at all, he must also say when it was previously published or used. Upon the hearing of the case, which is in most respects conducted like an ordinary action, the Judge may give an injunction or make an order in such terms as he thinks fit, to do justice between the parties. In patent cases, however, if a Judge once decides and certifies that a patent is valid, and it is subsequently infringed, then, in a second action, the plaintiff gets not only the ordinary costs but all his costs between solicitor and client, which come to much more.

Actions for infringement of patents ought always to be brought promptly. On technical questions patent agents are generally consulted, and they are registered under an Act passed in 1888.

Some of the chief civilised nations have entered into treaties for the mutual protection of patentees. By this international arrangement, a patentee within any State in the Patent Union can import his invention into any other State of the Union without injuring his patent rights, and applications for patents in one State give at least six months' provisional protection in every other State within the Patent Union. The chief States included in the Union are England, Belgium, Brazil, France, Holland, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States, and Queensland. Most of the British Colonies have Patent Acts of their own.

The following are the chief fees payable on patents—

	£	s.	d.
On application for provisional protection	1	0	0
On filing complete specification, or	3	0	0
On filing complete specification with first application	4	0	0
On certificate of renewal—			
Before expiration of 4th year from date of Patent	10	0	0
" " 5th " " "	10	0	0
" " 6th " " "	10	0	0
" " 7th " " "	10	0	0
" " 8th " " "	15	0	0
" " 9th " " "	15	0	0
" " 10th " " "	20	0	0
" " 11th " " "	20	0	0
" " 12th " " "	20	0	0
" " 13th " " "	20	0	0
For every entry of an assignment, transmission, agreement, license, or extension of patent		10	0
Search or inspection fee, each		1	0

ANSWERS.

Wilkinson.—Write "Registrar-General, Somerset House, London," inquiring what a new certificate will cost. Give particulars, and enclose stamped envelope for reply. It will cost you about 3s. 6d.

J. W. S. entered into partnership by verbal arrangement, and the partnership has since been dissolved in the same way. He wishes to know what notice is necessary to the public. We should advise that, as the business has been carried on in a suburb of London, a notice should be inserted in a trade newspaper, a London daily newspaper, and the *London Gazette*, if "J. W. S." wishes to be perfectly safe. Inquire at the *London Gazette* Office for particulars as to signing the advertisement to be inserted there.

S. W.—You can only sue for goods supplied if the term of credit has expired. There is nothing to prevent you from suing in respect of those goods in which the term of credit has already expired; and you can afterwards sue for the other goods when the term of credit in respect of them has also expired.

One in Distress.—This is a case in which the law can give you very little assistance. You have to choose between two evils. If you are quite sure that your husband is guilty you cannot be compelled, by law, to live with him. But if you were to leave him, under the circumstances, the consequences would seem to be very serious. He is, you say, very kind to you; and perhaps, after all, your suspicions are groundless.

Builder.—If you have not omitted from the letter of inquiry any material part of the agreement of tenancy, it is clear that you are not bound to do the work. Unless a landlord expressly binds himself to repair, he is not obliged to do any work upon the premises, except to abate in some cases nuisances injurious to health.

Executor.—1. Not if, as seems probable, they are her separate estate. 2. Yes. 3. Not to board. She possibly might insist on sale. But this turns on the words of the will.

Alban.—When a lease is granted it is usually handed to the lessee, on payment of the costs. If there is a counterpart lease, that is executed by the lessee alone, and the lessor keeps it. The new Conveyancing Act, 1881, makes no difference in the law upon this subject.

LEX.

The Marquis of Ripon, last Saturday at Bradford, unveiled a bronze statue of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, who for many years represented that town in Parliament. His Lordship spoke highly of the late statesman's services to his country, especially as regards education.

In the Royal Academy there is a lifelike bust of Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Electropathic and Zander Institute. It is executed by Mr. Edward Lanteri, and it has been presented by the artist to Mr. Harness in token of gratitude for his skilful treatment at the Electropathic Institute in Oxford-street.

Shortly before midnight on Friday week, Mrs. Haly, the wife of a London merchant residing at Lee, Kent, was returning home from Orpington with a young man named Hannam, when, in a lonely part of the road, he shot her twice in the head with a revolver. He then began to cut his own throat. She ran away and met a policeman, who assisted her home. Search was made for Mr. Hannam, and on Saturday morning his body was found in a neighbouring pond.

The *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[Advt.]

Keating's Powder.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]



Extract from a Naval Officer's Journal.—Montevideo, December 17th, 1889.—H.M.S. "Swallow" (gun vessel) arrived to-day from Rio de Janeiro (where she had been sent on account of the recent Revolution) with yellow fever on board, and was, of course, placed in strict quarantine. Being so near Christmas, many luxuries were required from the shore, and she signalled us a long list of necessaries for the festive season to be sent out in the quarantine boat. Among the first of the articles on the list was **BEECHAM'S PILLS, 3 BOXES FOR THE CAPTAIN!**

PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

LIVERPOOL.—No. V.

THE "SECOND CITY OF THE EMPIRE."

BY A RESIDENT.

BEING essentially a modern city, Liverpool has no hoary ruins or ancient ecclesiastical edifices



MR. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR,
M.P. FOR THE SCOTLAND DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL, AND EDITOR OF THE LONDON "STAR."
From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street, W.

to show its visitors, but it abounds in monuments to the energy and

Philanthropy of its Merchant Princes.

Its Sailors' Home and Seamen's Orphanage, its Bluecoat School and School for the Blind, its numerous hospitals and organisations for promoting moral reform, tell their own tale of the fulness with which those who have thriven in Liverpool have recognised the obligation that rests upon them to ameliorate as far as may be the condition of those by whose labours they have prospered, and who have been less fortunate in life than themselves. Individually and collectively the citizens of Liverpool can boast of conspicuous evidences of local patriotism. Among the notable public buildings, the Municipal Offices in Dale-street bear witness to the liberality and architectural skill with which the official necessities of the Corporation have been provided for. Within sight of these palatial offices Liverpool is fortunate in the possession of an exceptionally fine range of public buildings devoted to

Art, Science, and Literature.

The magnificent open space in Lime-street, in the midst of which stands the massive pile of St. George's Hall, may fairly be described as the Trafalgar-square of Liverpool. The northern side of this spacious *place* is flanked by

The Free Library,

with which is associated the name of Sir William Brown, its founder; the Derby Museum, called after the late Lord Derby, who contributed to it his valuable collection; the Picton Reading-Room, built by the Corporation and named after the "historian of Liverpool," who was for a lifetime chairman of the Library, Museum, and Arts Committee; and the Walker Art Gallery, built and subsequently enlarged by

Sir Andrew Walker,

whose munificence was recognised by his name being attached to the building. On the east side of the *place*, opposite St. George's Hall, are the now unoccupied Alexandra Theatre, and Lime-street Hotel, the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, and on the south are other hotels of smaller proportions. In the open space in front of St. George's Hall are equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Consort, a



THE COURT THEATRE AND OPERA-HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

statue of Lord Beaconsfield, and one of General Earle, who was a member of a highly respected Liverpool family, and fell in the Soudan. Towering skyward, in front of the Art Gallery, is the Wellington Monument, and at its base the Steble Fountain, erected by a former Mayor of Liverpool. Behind St. George's Hall, entirely hidden by that colossal building, is St. John's Church, in the midst of an old city graveyard. It was upon this site that it was proposed, some years ago, to build a cathedral, and plans were prepared and Parliamentary powers obtained for that purpose. But the project failed to secure pecuniary support, and one of the two parish churches, St. Peter's, in Church-street, now serves the purposes of a cathedral.

It is somewhat singular that in a community greatly distinguished for local feeling, and numbering among its citizens many men of wealth, culture, and intellectual power, only two of the nine

Members for Liverpool

should be natives of the city, while half a dozen well-known Liverpool men have found constituencies in other parts of the country. The members for Liverpool who are natives men,

Baron Henry de Worms,

from his official position and the dignity conferred upon him through his negotiation of the questionable Sugar Convention, is entitled to first mention. He succeeded Lord Onslow as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.,

editor of the *Star* newspaper, who sits for the Scotland Division, is a power among the Home Rulers of Liverpool, and an able debater. He takes a front rank in Parliamentary debate. Liverpool men who are members of Parliament,

Mr. William Rathbone,

the senior, who long sat for Liverpool, and now represents a division of Carnarvonshire, is a prominent Liverpool shipowner and corn-merchant.

Mr. A. B. Forwood,

Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, is one of the most prosperous merchants and shipowners in the city. He represents the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire.

Mr. Stephen Williamson,

member for St. Andrews Burghs, is a merchant and shipowner in a notable way. His late partner, Mr. Balfour, was a great temperance reformer, and his memory is perpetuated by a statue near St. George's Hall.

Mr. T. B. Royden, M.P.,

is a Liverpool shipbuilder, of whom it is said that in the days when masters could use their fists, a strike occurring at his yard he took off his coat and set to work upon a ship that was on the stocks and nearing completion. He sits in Parliament for the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool.

Mr. Whitley, M.P.,

is a lawyer, with a comprehensive smile (appropriately suggestive of Everton toffee) and a remarkable style of oratory, that won for him locally the reputation of a Demosthenes; but in Parliament his eloquence has forsaken him, and he ranks among the silent members.

Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P.

(who sits for Barrow-in-Furness), is a temperance advocate, whose name is associated with a well-known trade.

Dr. Commins,

who sits for an Irish constituency, is a physician of local repute in Liverpool.

Mr. S. Smith,

who was the last member elected to represent Liverpool, and now sits for Flintshire, is a distinguished cotton-broker, who was the friend and colleague of the late Mr. Balfour, and with him assisted in building up the Young Men's Christian Association and acquiring for the athletic members of that organisation the

Liverpool Gymnasium.

Nearly all these gentlemen have had a



LIVERPOOL ILLUSTRATED: VIEW OF ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH FROM THE PIER HEAD.
From the famous series of Photographs published by Frith, of Reigate.



MR. EDWARD WHITLEY,
M.P. FOR THE EVERTON DIVISION.



RIGHT HON. BARON HENRY DE WORMS,
M.P. FOR THE EAST TOXTETH DIVISION.



MR. ROBERT HOLT.

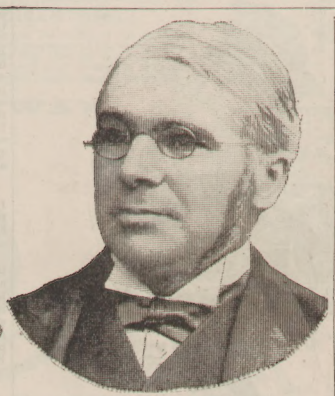


HON. WILLIAM HENRY GROSS,
M.P. FOR THE WESTERN DIVISION.

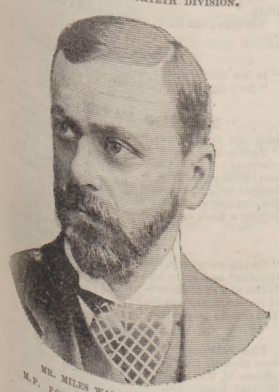
POLITICAL NOTABILITIES OF LIVERPOOL.
From Photographs by Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, 31, Bold-street, Liverpool, and 32, Victoria-street, Manchester.



MR. THOMAS BLAND ROYDEN,
M.P. FOR THE WEST TOXTETH DIVISION.



MR. WM. F. LAWRENCE,
M.P. FOR THE ABERCROMBY DIVISION.



MR. MILES WALKER MATTINSON,
M.P. FOR THE WALTON DIVISION.



SIR GEORGE SMYTH BADEN-POWELL,
M.P. FOR THE KIRKDALE DIVISION.

POLITICAL NOTABILITIES OF LIVERPOOL.

From Photographs by Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, 31, Bold-street, Liverpool, and 32, Victoria-street, Manchester.

outside Liverpool to find an entrance into Parliament—even Mr. A. B. Forwood, the leader of the Tory party here, by far the most able administrator of its affairs, and the man who, above all others, has a complete grasp of the municipal business of Liverpool, being no exception to the rule.

Liverpool has in recent years obtained some not altogether enviable notoriety in matters of art.

An "Autumn Exhibition"

is held every year, and two years ago the most notable exhibit was the "Captive Andromache," by Sir Frederick Leighton. The arts committee proposed to add this work to the permanent collection in the Walker Gallery, but the city council negatived the purchase, and the picture, after much hot discussion, went to Manchester. Another controversy relates to the external ornamentation of St. George's Hall. Panels round the base were reserved by its designer for subsequent decoration, and in order to carry out this idea it was determined to introduce marble panels with allegorical figures in bas-relief. Designs by Mr. T. Sterling Lee were in due course approved, and the artist has got two panels in position, only to find that his conditions, who are suddenly elevated into the position of art-critics. Between "Philistines" on the one side and artists and reputed artists on the other, controversy as to the merits of the design and its execution has raged as furiously as it did in Florence when Bandinelli set up his obstinate figure of Hercules. On the one side, the removal of the two panels has been almost peremptorily demanded on the ground of decency; on the other, the completion of the whole design has been urged more vehemently advocated in justice to the artist, and for the final confusion of all who, from his unfinished work, have failed to discern its splendid artistic excellence. Happily the question has for the present, been found by the public spirit and munificence of

Mr. Philip Rathbone,

a member of the City Council, whose offer to pay for the completion of the panels out of his own pocket if only the bas-reliefs may remain in position for five years, has been accepted. Mr. Rathbone's conviction is that well within that period the triumph of the artist will be complete.

St. George's Hall

is the Liverpool Palace of Justice, but it is also used for concerts, flower-shows, bazaars, and other social functions, and for musical recitals on the great organ by the city organist, Mr. W. T. Best. The Liverpool people are great lovers of music, and have long had in their midst a Philharmonic Society of repute, and a Philharmonic Hall—a commodious building accommodating about three thousand people. High-class subscription concerts are given in this spacious building every season under the conductorship of Sir Charles Hallé. Musical entertainment of another kind is supplied, every season, at

The Court Theatre,

which, under the management of the late Carl Rosa and Mr. Bruce—who is now ably assisted by Mr. G. B. Hill—has risen to the first position among Liverpool theatres. Here, for six or eight weeks after Christmas, while pantomime reigns elsewhere, English opera holds sway, and the handsomely appointed theatre is nightly crowded. At other seasons of the year attractive fare is always provided, and the popularity of the theatre well maintained. The youngest and the prettiest theatre is

The Shakespeare,

under the management of Mr. G. W. Harris, whose reputation for the production of spectacular pantomimes has been won by an unbroken series of triumphs in this department of art, and who never fails to bring before his patrons each season some of the most popular actors of the day in their favourite parts.

The Prince of Wales's Theatre,

as mentioned in a former article, is conducted with vigour by Miss Fanny Josephs, and among the other half-dozen theatres, music-halls, and kindred places of entertainment the Rotunda Theatre, at the north end, and Hengler's Great Circus, which, when not tenanted by its legitimate occupants, is a favourite place for great political demonstrations, are highly popular places of resort. On the whole, great as is Liverpool's devotion to trade and commerce, it by no means takes its pleasures sadly or unintelligently. It is very much alive at play as well as at work, and, with rivalry all round, Liverpool looks confidently to the future.

W. WETHERELL.

AN ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY A PILGRIM FROM TOYNBEE HALL.



IT is a new and thrilling experience for most of us to be on the way to Italy. We were a merry company of both sexes, mostly engaged in some kind of educational work in London, eager to see and learn something of the wonderful land of art and song, to turn long-cherished dreams into realities, and to emphasise and illuminate the poetry and history we have read. Space is limited and time is short, or we would gladly linger over memories of Dover and Shakspere's Cliff, now receding from our view. With what apparent nonchalance we selected places on the Ostend boat, and said, as if we enjoyed it, "What a nice fresh breeze!" although our hearts sank within us. One by one we disappeared or subsided in a mood too deep for words, too tragic for description. Over this passage let us draw a veil.

* * * * *

Soon our train is rushing over the flat fertile fields of Belgium. We stay at Brussels only for rest and refreshment, and, with insular independence, guard our own luggage. Passing by



OUR LUGGAGE GUARD.

Luxembourg and Metz, we arrive at Strasburg. A glimpse from the train is all we have of the famous cathedral tower, and we must be content with distant views of the mountains of the Vosges and the Black Forest. At Bâle night has fallen, but the moon rises and lights us into our resting-place at Lucerne. Beneath the balcony of our bedroom rushes the broad river issuing from the lake, and right in front, seemingly very close, is Mount Pilatus, his venerable head and sides covered with snow gleaming in the moonlight. One day only can be spared for this place, so full of beauty and historical interest. The spirits of Arnold von Winkelreid and William Tell cast their potent influence around, and led us naturally to admire the noble lion of Lucerne, sculptured in the solid face of a rocky cliff, an appropriate monument to the brave Swiss guards who died at their posts.

* * * * *

A steamer takes us to Weggis, where the party divides, some to go up the Rigi railway, and the more adventurous spirits to climb the mountain. About half chose the better part—that is to say, the more difficult. At first the path mounts easily through pastures and orchards dotted with flowers. The maidens we meet coming down with their burdens greet us with "Guten Morgen!" They do not tempt us to stay, and we cry "Excelsior!" Soon we are in the region



SNOWBALLING ON THE ST. GOTHARD.



LIVERPOOL ILLUSTRATED: ST. GEORGE'S HALL.
From the famous series of Photographs published by Frith, of Reigate.

of fir-trees, and then in that of snow. The higher we get the fewer our numbers become, but we struggle through the snow till we reach the summit.

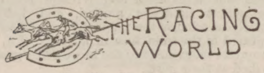
* * * *

Then what a glorious view gladdened our eyes! On one side lay the Lake of Zug, on the other the Lake of Lucerne, each shut in by mountains. Beyond, to the south, towered the mighty range of peaks comprising the Bernese Oberland, every giant form covered with snow and ice brilliant in the full sunshine. Not having a new set of superlatives, I won't attempt a description. Does anyone venture to say the Alps are hackneyed? Those mountains can never be seen twice under precisely the same aspect, and will never be forgotten by those who have seen them.

* * * * *

The next day it was our lot to ascend, by a series of remarkable engineering works, to the St. Gothard. The train rushes up steep inclines, by bridges over foaming torrents and into tunnels twisting like corkscrews into the mountains, the scenery getting wilder and more impressive as we proceed. Then a plunge of nine miles and a quarter through the gloom of the great tunnel, and we emerge on the south side of the Alps into brilliant sunshine and with snow around. What wonder that the sterner sex gave expression to their delight by jumping from the carriages as soon as at rest, and indulging in the truly British exercise of snowballing!

(To be concluded next week.)



Le Nord's Backers

for the Derby liberally discounted the win they expected him to score in the Newmarket Stakes when they accepted 8 to 1, and even shorter rates of odds about Baron De Rothschild's colt. He pleased the critics so much on Saturday last in a sort of trial spin. That Le Nord must be one of the most dangerous opponents to Surefoot may be readily admitted; but, given a win in the Newmarket Stakes, the difference between the pair in the Two Thousand Guineas running must want a terrible lot of explaining away.

Of course we ought to have the conventional

Reaction in the Betting,

which will drive the favourite out to a comparatively long price, what time the operators are reaping the benefit of good hedging to earlier transactions. No doubt it will come, this hostile demonstration, which scarcely any Derby favourite of my time has escaped. Now and again real ground for knocking out a crock exists, and then the so-called "dead meat" dealers soon spoil their own game by undue haste to grab a share of the plunder. But, as a rule, eleventh-hour demonstrations against a horse that has public form to recommend it, and has been well backed, means simply that some of the people who are bad against said animal have made up their minds to

Rush the Market,

and cover their risks, while the scare of their own creating lasts.

I do not suppose that any one else has so good a bet about Surefoot as Mr. C. W. Merry, brother of his proprietor, Mr. Archie Merry. When the horse was a yearling only, Sir John Willoughby laid £10,000 to £100 against him to Mr. C. W. Merry. On Monday last that bet was worth a little more than

£6200 to the Backer.

You see he could take 6300 to 3600 (that is the odds at 7 to 4 to 3600) that Surefoot did not win the race. Then his book would stand to lose £100 if the horse were defeated and win £6300 through his downfall, showing a net gain of £6200. On the other hand, in the case of Surefoot landing the Blue Riband—why Blue Riband no one could ever tell—he would take the £10,000 and lose the £3600 out of it, meaning a clear gain of £6400. "A bet," said a frequently quoted authority on wagering, "is never a good one till it is hedged." I fancy that most of us would prefer to shut up the Derby book a fortnight before the race and be able to write "Win £6400 or £6200" as a matter of certainty instead of going for a possible win of £10,000 at the risk of a hundred pounds.

It will take a good horse to carry off the Epsom race. That is general opinion, as it is that Surefoot is an exceptionally fine colt. Here is a fair estimate of his form as accepted by some of our best judges.

Would Vasistas Win the Derby

carrying weight as a three-year-old? Considering how prominently the Anglo-French horse has shown of late, and that he was a Grand Prize of Paris celebrity, he ought to be pretty good for a Derby as a four-year-old. Yet he cannot beat Sainfoin at even weights, and about 8 to 1 can be had that Sir James Miller's recent purchase does not score on June 4. I expect Sainfoin to be a great favourite among paddock critics, who have not had opportunity of looking him over previous to the day of the race. He is much bigger than he appears, as is frequently the case with well-built horses. If you saw him cantering or at a gallop you would guess him at fifteen hands, but certainly not higher. Yet standing by the side of him you would put him at nearer sixteen hands than fifteen.

I do not fancy Le Nord for our Derby, but his owner seems likely to win the French one with Heaume, who is doing steady work again at Chantilly, from the stables behind which Sullivan and Mitchell had their prize-fight, and whence many of the onlookers took most undignified departure. I met the other day Alfred Stripp, long settled in France as a trainer. When Stripp was over here he used to be a light-weight jockey. I forget whether he or Teddy Weever, also a light-weight in his day, is the heavier; but the lighter of these two short horsemen would pull down eighteen stone.

The English division are not strongly represented in the entries for the big steeplechase at Auteuil. Our owners have worked their jumpers quite hard enough during the regular season under National Hunt rules, and it is asking them to do a great deal in standing training for steeplechasing in summer as well as winter. Over there, the natives delight in jumping business at Midsummer, and the horses seem to do all right on the hard ground, despite the fact that the pace is generally hotter than on our courses. In Australia, too, steeplechasing, which is a very serious business indeed, is a great feature of summer sport. Their horses run on very hard ground indeed, and have to get over

Practically Solid Fences—

I might write absolutely solid of most of them, as the biggest obstacles are built up of big logs of timber or stone blocks, and are about as substantial as the wall of the Thames Embankment.

I am afraid that I shall not have another opportunity of dealing with the Manchester Cup, which is a pity, because the market might be of help to me later in an endeavour to find the winner. Vasistas is my first fancy, but I am a little doubtful as to her starting. The best I can do now is to suggest that readers should wait a while to see how the betting goes, and take choice among Vasistas, Rêve d'Or, Pamela, and Houndsditch.



THOSE PERSUASIVE WAYS.

HERMIA.—"Guess who it is, papa?"
MR. GRUNDLES.—"Let me see. I've paid the milliner and the dressmaker and the jeweller. This must be the florist."

TOO MUCH REALISM.

"WHY, that novel isn't so bad. It's only the bare truth."

"Maybe; but B. T. seems to need a Turkish bath."

REPARTEE.

"Is it a crime to be a woman?" cried the oratoress.

"No; only a Miss demeanor!"

"MORNIN' PAPER, SIR,"

sang out the Boston newsboy, "only two cents." "Here's five cents, sonny," replied the facetious customer; "keep the three cents, buy a cake of soap, and give your face a washing." The newsboy handed back the change with great dignity. "Keep the change yourself, Sir," he said, "and use it in buying a book on decorum, Sir."

"NOT!"

"SHALL we marry, darling, or shall we knot?" was the short and witty line an ardent lover dispatched to the idol of his heart. But, where the strangeness of the matter comes in, the girl replied, "I shall not! You can do as you please."

The Military Exhibition.—Her Majesty has been pleased to allow the Jubilee present from the officers of the Army to be exhibited at the Royal Military Exhibition. It will be placed in the Battle Gallery. At the request of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital have given permission for the Royal Military Exhibition to remain open until 11 p.m. on Wednesdays only. The appreciation of the public is shown by the visit of 11,868 on Saturday last, as registered by the turnstiles.

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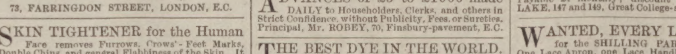
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"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."



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METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., Ltd., Sole Makers of the celebrated Juno Cycles. Safeties, from £l. Tricycles, from £5. Juno Safety, Balls both Wheels, Pedals, & Cranks, £10 10s. Juno Folding Tricycle, folds 2ft. 4in., £21. Juno Spring Frame Safety, £15 15s. Second-hand Machines in Immense Variety. Lists free. 75 and 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

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IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. doz.; Gents, 3s. 6d. doz. Hemstitched—Ladies' Size, 2s. 11d. doz.; Gents, 4s. 11d. doz. The "Christian World" says: "Hutton's Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs are unusually good at the price." Price List and Samples of Irish Linen, Irish Towels, and Irish Linen Dresses free to all parts. Parcels Carriage Paid. G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.

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A SOLUBLE COCOA, Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

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AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE. Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

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The only Game for In and Out Door Amusements Suited for all Ages. Bronze Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 2s. Nickel-Plated Pistol, with Arrow and Target, 3s. 6d. Will not Break Glass or Mar Furniture. Sold by all Toy, Fancy, and Sporting Goods Dealers. Sole Agents for the Wholesale Trade **LEWIS WILD,** 13, Edmund Place, London, E.C. PATENTED.

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19s. 19s.



LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE. GENT'S—A LARGER SIZE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our

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A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d. Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeeper.

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Gold Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1889.

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ARE THE BEST HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINES Ever Offered to the Public.

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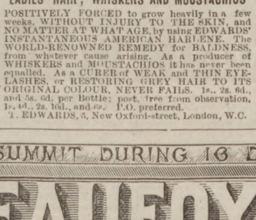
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LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYE-LASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred. T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

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ONE of the most acceptable Wesleyan Ministers in the Lincoln District has recently passed through a crucial experience. The difficulties above referred to were not of a nature affecting his moral character, financial obligations, or domestic life; from one point of view they were equally serious, as they largely tended to mar his present and future usefulness. The Minister in question suffered from Chronic Indigestion, Wind on the Stomach, and its attendant evils. At times the pain was excruciating. He tried the usual round of advertised remedies, but rather grew worse. At last a friend, a Local Preacher residing near Wisbech, who had suffered martyrdom from the same complaints and consulted in vain several of the leading London Physicians, recommended him to take

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS,

a well-known medicine, that had brought him from the verge of the grave. The effects were marvellous. To use his (the Minister's) own words: "I was induced to give the **WIND PILLS** a trial, and am bound in all fairness to admit that the relief was so instant and grateful that ever since I have kept in my possession some of your Pills, which I consider are a valuable antidote for this distressing malady. You are at liberty to use my testimony, but please do not advertise my name." Sufferers from WIND ON THE STOMACH, INDIGESTION, COSTIVENESS, GIDDINESS, SICK HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, &c., should lose no time in availing themselves of this most excellent Medicine. These Pills being PURELY VEGETABLE, and mild and tonic in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex. Of all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

N.B.—The Name and Address of the Minister above referred to will be sent by **PAGE WOODCOCK, LINCOLN,** to any person on receipt of Name and Address on the back of a postcard.

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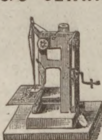
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5000 SILK UMBRELLAS, 2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers, Ladies' or Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d., or 36 stamps, 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

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Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no trouble; no teaching. It works fine or coarse materials equally as well. Sent, carriage free, 4s.; two for 7s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

LADIES! LADIES! LADIES! Do not fail to send 1s. 6d. for the Wonderful Parcel, containing 1 beautiful Lace Collarette, 1 Lace Handkerchief, ½ dozen Maltese Lace, 1 dozen Edging, 1 Bonnet Ornament, 1 Packet of Black Bugles for Beaded Droppers, 1 Dropper as a pattern, and 12 Engravings, carriage paid, for 1s. 6d.—W. COTTON, Lace and Lace Curtain Manufacturer and Wholesale Milliner, Weekday-cross, Nottingham. Established forty years. Price List and Patterns Free on Application. Lace Curtains from 1s. 9d. to 30s.

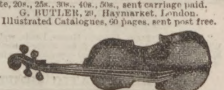
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American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

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BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand. Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.

WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas; when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

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500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

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150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

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428. White Wings (Waltz).

List contains 431 Songs, Pieces, Dance Music, &c. **W. H. BROOME, 15, HOLBORN, E.C.**

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, London.

GREY HAIR.—The A K EXTRACT of WALNUT JUICE (1s a Bottle) stains the hair any shade. It does not burn it up like dye, nor smell like the sulphur restorers. Is harmless and permanent. Sent secretly packed, 3d. extra.—F. VALENTINE, 2, Frederick-crescent, Brixton, London, S.W.

AT THE SUMMIT DURING 16 DECADES.

BEAUFOYS HOUSEHOLD MALT Vinegars.

Best, Purest & Cheapest Obtainable.

37, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, S.W.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

MR. C. B. HARNESS'

A BOON TO SUFFERERS. PAMPHLET & CONSULTATION FREE.
Those who cannot call should write at once for Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.

ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:

IT RESTORES IMPAIRED VITALITY

THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

IT CURES DEBILITY AND HYSTERIA

An invaluable health appliance for the Treatment and Cure of Disease. It is delightfully comfortable to wear, prevents chills, invigorates the debilitated constitution, assists digestion, promotes the circulation, and speedily overcomes every form of

NERVOUS, MUSCULAR, OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

PAMPHLET AND BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS FREE Either personally or by letter.

This genuine Electric Belt is guaranteed to imperceptibly generate mild Continuous Currents of Electricity, and should be worn by every Man and Woman suffering from any of the following ailments:—
NERVOUS WEAKNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA, DEBILITY, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, HYSTERIA, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISORDERS, INTERNAL WEAKNESS, ETC.

CONSULTATIONS, Either personally or by letter, FREE OF CHARGE.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

weigh only a few ounces, are delightfully cool and comfortable to wear, improve the figure, and give wonderful support and vitality to the internal organs. The mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, give strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually prevent chills and rheumatic pains. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that this scientifically constructed appliance has completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world and of all ranks of society.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONVINCING TESTIMONIALS FROM GENTLEMEN

(*Selected from Thousands*).

NERVOUS WEAKNESS.

F. C. ANSTEY, Esq., 199, Queen's-gate, London, S.W., writes: "Words fail to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Electropathic Belt appliances, for now I feel like a new creature, and better than I have done for years. My nerves are much better, and I have none of that languid feeling which used to make my life a burden."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION FROM OVER-WORK CURED.

"Mr. J. DICKINSON, Horatio House, Leeds, writes: "March 20, 1890.—The Electropathic Belt has made a new man of me, my health being wonderfully good compared to what it was before wearing this valuable appliance."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes: "The Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of rheumatic gout."

A LIEUTENANT'S OPINION.

"4, St. James-place, London, S.W., Jan. 23, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I cannot leave England without expressing to you my thanks for the successful result of your Electropathic treatment. "B. W. (Lieutenant R.M.)"

LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

CHARLES SEWELL, Esq., Cirencester, writes: "March 24.—I have worn one of your Electropathic Belts with the most satisfactory results, for, whereas I used to be constantly laid up with liver attacks and kidney disorders, I have been entirely free from such ever since I began to wear the Belt."

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

DAVID WOODS, Esq., 2, Spring-villas, Ilkestone: "Jan. 5, 1889.—I have felt much better since I have worn your Electropathic Belt. Whereas life was burdensome before wearing it, I can now enjoy myself, and think life worth living."

A BARRISTER'S OPINION.

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says: "I must testify to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. My vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health."

SCIATICA CURED.

"The Hill, Wickham Market, Aug. 29, 1889.
"Sir,—I am pleased to tell you the Electropathic Belt I had from you last April came quite up to, or beyond, my expectations, as I have been free from sciatic pain since the first week of wearing it, and should strongly recommend fellow-sufferers who have not applied to you to do so at once. You are at liberty to make what use of the above you please.—Faithfully yours,
"C. CROWE."

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.

DELIVERANCE FROM PERPETUAL PAIN.

The Rev. WILLIAM JOHN EDGE, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting, S.W., writes: "Having for some three years or more suffered from sciatica, which at length became almost intolerable, I was advised to purchase one of Mr. Harness' full-power Electropathic Belts, on the 16th of August last, which from that day forward I have persistently worn without intermission except at night. After three or four weeks the sciatica left me, and not only has never returned, but I may say with truth that, as far as my feelings are concerned, I am not conscious of the existence of a sciatic nerve! This deliverance from almost perpetual pain, which at times amounted to torture, I cannot but ascribe to your Electropathic Belt, and I feel bound thus to give public expression to my gratitude."

LUMBAGO CURED.

A STATIONMASTER'S LETTER.

Mr. J. B. CARNE, Stationmaster, L.B. and S.C. Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes: "April 7, 1887.—I beg to thank you very much for the great benefit that I have derived from wearing your Electropathic Belt. I used to suffer with lumbago and pains in the back, both of which have now ceased. I have highly recommended the treatment to many friends."

EXTRACTS.

Mr. W. READ, Kilvarock-street, Queen's Park, W., writes: "March 25, 1889.—I have been completely cured of my painful Sciatica by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt."

JOSEPH KORN, Esq., Wilton-street, Liverpool, writes: "July 29, 1889.—The intense nervousness from which I have suffered has left me after wearing your Electropathic Belt during fourteen days."



AN INVITATION TO WEAK MEN AND DELICATE WOMEN.

Before you waste any more time and money on nauseous drugs and quack medicines, **Mr. C. B. Harness**, the President of the British Association of Medical Electricians, invites you to pay a visit to the **Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.** (corner of Rathbone-place), where, by means of scientific experiments and testimonials, he will be able to prove to you conclusively that his world-famed **Electropathic Belts** can Cure and have Cured Thousands of the most obstinate cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Melancholia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Constipation, Indigestion, Neuralgia, &c. Harness' Electropathic Treatment needs only to be more widely known to be universally adopted, and it is for this reason that we are still advertising so largely. The surest proof of the success of our Treatment is that almost every patient who has adopted it has introduced several other sufferers. Harness' Electropathic Treatment is the most natural and certain means of obtaining Health, Strength, and Vital Energy.

All Communications treated as Strictly Private.

READ THE FOLLOWING CONVINCING TESTIMONIALS FROM LADIES

(*Selected from Thousands*).

WEAKNESS AND CONSTIPATION.

"Southernhay, Weston-super-Mare, March 23, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I have now worn your Electropathic Belt nearly six weeks, and the effect has been wonderful. All bad symptoms have disappeared. I know from my own experience that for internal weakness and constipation your Belt is unequalled as a Cure. Pray make any use you please of this.—Yours truly,
"ELSIE PURNELL."

DEBILITY CURED.

"Beaufort House, Tenby, South Wales, Feb. 24, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I want to get an Electropathic Belt for a friend. Will you please send me a consultation form for her to fill up.
"Since wearing your Belt, which I procured for myself, I feel that my nerve-power is much stronger, and I am in all ways better.—Believe me, yours truly, "(Miss) M. M. B."

NEURALGIC HEADACHE.

"Woodview, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Jan. 29, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the great benefit I have derived from the use of an Electropathic Belt. I have suffered intensely from neuralgic headache; but since wearing your appliance, purchased in October 1889, I have experienced marked relief. You are welcome to make use of this letter as a true and unexaggerated account of what your wonderful appliance has done for me.—Yours very sincerely,
"Miss A. EVANS."

INDIGESTION.

Miss M. A. CLARK, 41, Southfield-street, Nelson-lane, writes: "Your Electropathic Belt has effected a remarkable change for the better. I feel quite a different person altogether."

Mrs. E. HOLDER, 3, Arthur-street, Cambridge, writes: "Feb. 25, 1889.—I feel a great deal better since wearing your Electropathic Belt."

INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

ELIZABETH WINFIELD, 22, Grantley-street, Grantham: "April 8, 1889.—I procured your Electropathic Belt on the 2nd January last, and have felt very much better in every way since. It is very comfortable and pleasant to wear."

RHEUMATIC FEVER.

Mrs. DORCAS WEDDELL, 32, Long-lane, Bermondsey, London, S.E., writes: "Jan. 8.—It gives me much pleasure to add my testimony to the great relief I have received by wearing one of your Electropathic Belts. Some seven years ago I was laid up with rheumatic fever, and have suffered very much since, so much so that only five weeks ago I was unable to walk, but now, having worn one of your Belts for three weeks, I can walk comfortably without any assistance. Under no circumstances would I part from it."

EXTRACTS.

Miss EDITH HARRIS, 3, Albany-terrace, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, writes: "March 30, 1889.—Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Rheumatism."

Mrs. J. MUGFORD, 27, Church-street, Beaumaris, Anglesea, writes: "I have derived such great benefit from your Electropathic Belt that I would not be without it. It has quite cured my sciatica."

SCIATICA CURED.

A RECENT LETTER from the Widow of a Medical Man who had suffered for years from Acute Sciatica:—

"44, Upper Belgrave-road, Durdham Down,
"Clifton, Bristol, Jan. 9, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I am quite certain that it will gratify you very much to know that the Electropathic Belt is doing me good, and the improvement is most marked in the past week. The pain is less severe at night, which I can assure you is a great comfort, as I have for six months suffered so dreadfully. I look upon you as being a great benefactor to the human race, and how clever you are! Please accept my most grateful thanks, and believe me to remain, yours ever truly,
"SYLVIA PURNELL."

LADIES' AILMENTS.

Miss M. RAMSEY, 55, Wenlock-street, Hoxton, N., writes: "The effect was wonderful: I feel like a different person."

Mrs. F. COTON, Woodville, Sandford-road, Moseley, writes, March 7: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness."

SISTER GERTRUDE.

Sister MARY GERTRUDE, Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea, county Galway, writes: "Feb. 27, 1889.—Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I have experienced a feeling of improved strength and vitality. My general health has also much improved."

Miss L. TURNER, 119, Gipsy-hill, Norwood, writes: "Jan. 29, 1889.—I had been suffering for nearly three years, but am much better since wearing the Belt. I feel much stronger, and not so nervous. It is a great comfort."

BEWARE OF BOGUS TOY APPLIANCES

occasionally advertised as Electric Batteries, &c., but which cannot possibly generate any Electricity.

RESIDENTS AT A DISTANCE, and those unable to call, should write at once for Pamphlet and Private Consultation Form before they forget it.

MR. C. B. HARNESS, the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Electricians, and other officers. Consultation may be had in every case, Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters Relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

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